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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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MAY, 1905

No. 1

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Behind this leafy screen
Which keeps the world away,
A forest bird unseen
To music sets one lay.

Sometimes his voice is mute;
He ponders things divine;
Then sounds his magic flute,
And makes the woods a shrine.

He chants of life above,
This realm that mortals know;
He dreams of purer love
Than human souls bestow.

O priest and choir in one!
Still lend to earth thy wings,
And show beneath the sun
One heart that soars and sings.
—Mary Thacher Higginson.

FRIENDS THAT NEVER CHANGE.

I mean the birds. You are young now, perhaps; but some day you will be old. Some day most of your human friends will have been absorbed by other interests, moved away, or died. Your native village will have become a little city. The old creek where you fished and went swimming, will have shrunk to a mere runlet. The woods in which you loved to roam, hunting May-apples or hickory nuts, will have been converted into lumber or cord wood. The marsh, so full of plant and animal life, and so mysteriously attractive to a boy, will have been drained in the interests of agriculture.

All these changes will tinge you with sadness, if your heart is in the right place. Yet, if you are a bird-lover you will have consolations that others know not of. The creek may dry, but the phoebe which built under the

bridge will still return every spring, after the last of the snow is gone, with its simple little ditty. The woods may be sacrificed to necessity or greed, but the vireo and the scarlet tanager will still be left. The marsh may be converted into meadow, corn-field, or building lots; but the red-winged blackbirds will remain unchanged, though you will have to go to some other marsh to find them. And the robin which hails the morning of your eightieth birthday will not differ in one feather or note from the one which hailed your eighth birthday.

Surely it is worth our while to throw out this anchor against the swift tide of change in our lives. Surely anything is valuable which will make us forget that we are growing old—yea, which will keep us from growing old. To get acquainted with the birds costs you nothing save a little time, for which you will be compensated a thousand-fold. Watch the birds, see how they build their nests. Above all, learn their names—from some friend, if you are lucky enough to have such a one; if you haven't, then from some manual like Chapman's "Handbook." Do not be content to invent a name for the birds you see, or to accept some local name, for unless you know a bird's real name, the treasurers of bird literature will forever be closed to you. For instance, if you call a certain bird a "sugar-bird," as is done in some sections, you may read about the Tufted Titmouse all your life, and yet never know that he is only your little sugar-bird, with his loud, cheery Peter-peter-peter!

When I look back to the time when the birds and the flowers meant nothing to me, when I knew not their names, or the time of their coming and going, I feel as if I might as well have been deaf and blind. I neither saw nor heard. I moved through a world which God has thickly sown with treasures

for the eye and ear; but so far as I was concerned it might as well have been a desert.

There are thousands yet in the state I was in. I meet them every day; I number them among my friends. We Americans are the greatest sinners, perhaps, among civilized peoples in this deafness and blindness to Nature. We have been too busy breaking the virgin soil, felling forests, and building new towns to spend any time in search of the finer things of life. All this has been necessary in order to convert our continent from a trackless wilderness into a great republic. It is a stage that every nation has had to pass through. But I, for one, am glad to see signs that this apprenticeship to materialism is drawing to a close, that this fever of acquisition is beginning to cool somewhat. In Germany or England, a hundred, perhaps a thousand, people go to the fields and the woods, with minds and hearts, eyes and ears, open to the beauties of nature where one American goes.

Let us hope that this will not be so much longer. Signs of a change are already at hand. And although "Nature Study" may now be a bit of a fad with some, and the next few years will show some backsliders, yet the movement from the city to the country, from the desk to the dell, is one that will not be checked.

The flowers go with the birds. You find them in the same places. Your "Handbook of Birds" will soon be supplemented by a "Flora." Your field glass will swing from one shoulder, and your collecting case from the other. Again, if you become a thorough convert, you will not long be content with your own scanty gleanings in the out-door world—although, remember, these will always be the most valuable to you. You will want to supplement them with the gleanings of others. That is to say, you will want to take a bird or flower magazine; you will buy bird and flower books.

Above all, don't let any Phillistine persuade you that you are wasting your time or money. Don't be discouraged because the majority of your friends do not go to the woods with you. Be true to your own instincts. A man, lying under a tree, one whole, long summer afternoon, may be doing more for humanity's truest interests than countless hordes sweating in the treadmills of toil. Buy your mag-

azines and books, even if you have to do without something else. It is high time that the youth of the land were disabused of the ancient fallacy that their first and greatest duty is to save money. The more money you spend, provided you spend it well, the better off you are.

Finally, when you have learned to love the birds, join the Audubon Society. Become a member of that devoted little army which, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, is fighting for the preservation of the birds. It will cost you just as much or as little as you can afford to pay. Only, remember, the more you make it cost you the more you get out of it, like everything else in life.

—Elmore Elliot Peake. Salem, Ill.

Notes on the Birds of the Bahamas.

One day not many weeks ago the wind blew cold from the west. In Florida the temperature fell to the twenties, and the oranges and grape-fruit were frozen on the trees; here, however, it was not so cold. We who had come from the north a few days before did not find a temperature of 55 degrees uncomfortable; but the residents, accustomed to sunny skies and summer heat the year through, found the weather very cold, and they shivered in their very heaviest clothes and kept indoors as much as possible.

In the afternoon I went shopping, to buy a monkey—not a gibbering little beast but a Jamaica monkey made of fire-clay, a water-jar which keeps the water which it contains cool by the evaporation of moisture from the porous surface. In one of the shops (I visited many before I found my monkey), I was surprised to see a bird flitting about. The little fellow had come in at the open door to find protection from the piercing wind, and was flying about alarmed by the unexpected sights indoors and too frightened to find his way out again. I followed him through the shop, over piles of tin buckets and nail-kegs, and caught him in my hand as he fluttered against a window pane.

I carried him to the door-way to examine him. What an exquisite little creature he was; so minute, so wonderfully formed, so delicate! He was a warbler, and bore the family garb of olive-green above and yellow beneath; and on the crown of his head was

the indistinct chestnut-colored mark which showed him to be the palm warbler. After looking him over carefully and noting his markings, I opened my hand and away he darted as from the jaws of Death.

The naturalist who named the palm warbler must surely have met him here in the tropics; he is a ground bird in habit and you may find him in every palm grove in this region, hopping about in the shade of the waving trees. But the Tropics are not his home; I have found him in September on Lake Superior; but even then he was far on his way to this summerland; his nesting place, his home, is far northward in British Columbia, on the shores of the Hudson Bay. What a wonderful thing it is to us human beings that this minute creature, this little feathered body that seems as frail as a flower, should have the muscular power to traverse twice in the year the hundreds and thousands of miles which separate the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer! What a wonderful thing that the brain beneath this chestnut crown should guide the little traveler unerringly through storm and moonlight (for these smaller birds journey by night) over mountain and valley, across wide expanse of ocean, across the Gulf Stream itself, to this speck of an island in the sea!

The palm warblers are the commonest of the American birds which winter in the Bahamas, but they are by no means the only ones. I find the prairie warbler—a species closely related to the palm—abundant about Nassau; one familiar Maryland yellow-throat is not uncommon, and I have seen several yellow-throated warblers—beautiful birds which make their home in our southern states.

Another Canadian is the yellow-billed sapsucker. This is a bird which I associate with the raven and the red-tailed hawk, a dweller in remote mountains, a lover of the forest and of solitude. The sapsucker's shrill cry brings to my mind's eye a bleak mountain-top and its gaunt tree-trunks, a wide out-look over green mountain slopes and blue lakes nestled between; it recalls the delightful rest in the August sunshine, after a rough scramble to the summit. How strange then to meet the same bird here on the threshold of the Tropics, on a speck of a coral island! But it is a silent bird which flits through the orange groves; I do not hear the wild cry of the

north woods, and I have to keep my eyes open or he escapes me as he clings like a lizard to the tree trunk and hops nimbly to the farther side to hide from sight.

If I were to continue in this manner, speaking of one bird after another which I have known at home and which I meet here in my walks. I should make this paper much too long; and I shall have to content myself with briefer notes of some others. A few kingfishers haunt the brackish lakes and mangrove swamps. To what quarter of our hemisphere does this winged arrow not penetrate! This surely is his paradise, where the winter long is but a succession of halcyon days. The brackish lakes harbor other wanderers, one duck at least (one smaller river broad-bill), one coot, and a greebe. The beaches seem at this season almost forsaken by shore-birds; I have, however, seen the least sand-piper, and I have heard plover-like calls, though I have as yet seen no plovers. Our cat-birds lurk in the thickets; we sometimes hear their unmistakable mewing when we are out driving. The cat-birds are even shyer here than at home, and it was only after repeated endeavors that I at last clapped my eyes on one of them. These birds, with the Savanna sparrow, which frequents the open fields about the town, and the laughing gull which sometimes visits the harbor, complete my list of winter visitors.

There are many interesting water birds; some, like the exquisite violet-throated hummingbird, resembling our own birds closely; others, such as the ani (a great black fellow allied to the cuckoos) and the honey-creeper (a warbler like fruit-eater) entirely distinct from any birds of our country.

This morning for the first time I met with a flock of warblers (palm warblers, they were). These birds abound; we have seen them singly or in groups of two or three every day for weeks past; but now, like us humans, they are preparing for the long homeward journey. The wonderful impulse has seized them; in a few days or in a few weeks at most the little crafts will be launched, the little sails will be spread in the moonlight, and away they will go, northward, northward, northward, and homeward.

Bayard H. Christy.

Nassau, Bahama Islands, March 3, 1905.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

WILDCHERRY AND WILLOW INSECTS.

These may be taken together because caterpillars which feed upon one will usually eat the leaves of the other, or of cultivated cherry, apple, plum, or rose,—usually, not invariably.

The most beautiful of the caterpillars is *Smerinthus myops*, bright green with spots of cardinal red, or red-brown, and a caudal horn. It burrows. This is sometimes found on willow as is its near relative, *Smerinthus jamaicensis* and is much like it but has no red spots. Both species have seven yellow, or whitish yellow, oblique lines on each side of the body.

Paonias excoecatus is found on both, and closely resembles *S. jamaicensis*. All three make lovely moths.

The rarest sphingid caterpillar to be found on cherry is *Sphinx drupiferarum*, a huge fellow with a caudal horn and oblique stripes of white edged above with mauve, the whole body dotted with tiny yellow dots.

Like all sphingid larvae, this one burrows to pupate, and is very often the victim of parasitic flies, dying from becoming food for their larvae.

Often in winter a cherry or willow—or tulip tree, or ash, or lilac for that matter—may be found with dry leaves dangling from its branches. Generally these contain the cocoons of *Callosomia promethea*, whose naked, whitish green larvae, with coral tubercles near their heads, lived on the tree the summer before. They are beautiful caterpillars and very easy to rear, and the spinning of their cocoons is especially interesting as they spin much silk around a leaf-stem, and around the twig on which the leaf grows, fastening the leaf so firmly that it cannot fall when the others do. Indeed it generally needs a knife to cut the silk unless one breaks the twig.

Various *Datanas* and slug-caterpillars, *Apatelas*, *Catocalas*, and loopers, *Actias luna* (on willow) *Telea polyphemus*, and many

smaller larvae may be found, and the large and handsome *Samia cecropia*, green with orange, yellow, and blue tubercles, and spinning a large brown cocoon.

In the Colorado region *Samia gloveri*, its moth even more beautiful than *cecropia* because it has a rosy color in place of *cecropia*'s rust-red, may be formed on willow.

Hyperchiria io, green with a brownish band on each side and having green tufts of spines which “sting” like nettles if touched, should be abundant, especially on willow. The moths are lovely and the male and female differ much. All these spin cocoons.

There are many *Eacles imperialis*, green or brown, with hairs more or less dense, a large crawler and one which burrows, finally becoming a very queer moth, yellow with dashes and spots of the color called “heliotrope” a few years ago. This is also very easy to rear, though mine have preferred pitch-pine needles to any food, even when found on willow or maple.

One larva may be a puzzle because it has a caudal horn and yet is not a sphingid, though the horn is characteristic of the sphingid larvae. This is *Pheosia rimosa*, gray, like slate with a purplish tinge, or green, and having a surface almost like porcelain.

There may be many butterfly-larvae, the large *Papilio glaucus turnus*, a green caterpillar looking as if it had the head of a tadpole with two fierce eyes, where really its small head is well concealed, at rest, and the “eyes” are merely spots on its body; *Limenitis ursula*, and *arthemis*, queer crawlers looking like bird excrement lying on the leaves; *Limenitis misippus* of similar appearance and often found, when very young, by the little bundle of grass which it fastens near the tip of the leaf on which it is feeding, and, the purpose, seekers say, “for the purpose of distracting attention from itself!”

The eggs of these three species are said to be laid always on the very tip of a leaf near or at the end of a branch. I have often followed *misippus*, and gathered every leaf on which she laid an egg, for an hour at a time on a roadside where willow and popular saplings abounded.

On willow also may be found masses of the spiny larvae of *Vanessa antiopa* or mourning-cloak crowded together and leaving bare

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

BIRD FOR THE MONTH.

Baltimore Oriole.

Length—7-8 inches.

Male—Head, throat, upper part of back, glossy black; wings black, with white spots and edgings; tail quills black, with yellow markings on the tips; everywhere else orange shading into black.

Female—Yellowish olive; wings dark brown; quills black; tail yellowish brown, with——— dusky bars.

Our Baltimore oriole is a worthy representative of a group remarkable for its high colors. On account of its wearing the colors of Lord Baltimore's livery, range and black, the bird's name comes—the Baltimore oriole. (Fire Bud, Golden Robin, Hang Nest) winters in Central America and in the spring reaches the latitude of New York city about May 1st. To the charm of beauty it adds the attraction of song, a rich, ringing whistle, which can be more or less successfully imitated, when the bird immediately responds, challenging the supposed trespasses on his domain.

The nest is a bag about 5 inches deep and 3 inches in diameter, woven of plant fibres, thread, etc., and suspended from the terminal position of a limb, generally of an elm tree. The four to six eggs are white, singularly scrawled with fine black lines and a few spots or blotches.—*Bird Life*, Chapman.

Letters about the Baltimore oriole should be sent to the secretaries by June 1.

The School Audubon Societies.

Many inquiries came to the secretary from teachers in regard to the formation of the school branches of the Audubon society. The *Wayside* is glad to print again the simple directions for the organization.

The teacher who is alive to the subject of birds will take the happy moment after the children have been led up to the subject, and are thoroughly interested in birds, to ask "How many would like to form a bird club?" If there is a hearty response, the teacher will take a little time in school or after, to explain the objects of the Audubon society. Then those who wish to will sign a paper promising to cherish and protect wild birds and their nests, and to avoid, in especial, these four things, killing birds, robbing nests, collecting eggs, wearing the plumage of wild birds.

Enrollment blanks will be sent free on application to the secretary and also the society's literature where it is called for. If the children desire—and they usually do—they get the Audubon buttons at two cents each. Every school branch is expected to subscribe for at least one copy of *By the Wayside*, at twenty-five cents a year, a merely nominal price. The money may be collected from the children, or, when there is difficulty in getting it, the paper will be sent free at the request of the teacher. The enrollment, the money for the *Wayside* and for the buttons if they are desired, is now sent to the secretary. A notice of each organization is given in the School Branch Department, which aims to be the organ of these societies.

After the society is started the teacher should try to keep alive the bird study movement by talks and by excursions with the children. It is suggested that emphasis should be laid on bird protection and the value of birds to man. The teacher who is enthusiastic will have no trouble in finding work for the society. There are printed from time to time in these columns notes of the work of these school branch societies.

My Dear Wayside Friends: :

I have just been staying in a small village in Western Illinois on the Rock river called Grand Detour. There is a pleasant old inn

there with clipped evergreen trees in front of it, one tree clipped to look like a table, several rounded trees of different heights and one made with two stories, and about two feet of bare trunk between the upper and the lower group of branches. In the top story of this evergreen tree a blue jay has built his nest, which I could very easily watch from my window. Those were very pleasant quiet blue jays and quickly changed my former dislike of them to admiration. They were very faithful in sitting on the eggs, which must have been a trying task during one or two rainy days, for the little closely cut branches did not afford much protection for the poor drowned looking mother bird. I did however find the chance to see the eggs, fine light blueish grey eggs with faint spots. There were a number of cats in the house and one day my attention was called to a great fluttering of wings that I saw was meant to distract a cat's attention from the nest. Both the birds were flying around in the tree where the nest wasn't perching low on the trunk and branches, and even on the hitching post, looking a very easy pray. I was glad to be able to call the cat into the house for fear the blue jays might stay too long off the nest in the cold, raw wind.

I am pleased to know that the blue jays are so agreeable in spite of the unkind things that one continually hears said of them, but this did not interfere at all with my pleasure on returning to Chicago to find that my best friend among the city birds arrived in my absence. The yellow warblers are the only birds (excepting sparrows) that nest in front of our house; there are robins at the end of the block near Lincoln park and sometimes in a yard around the corner, but none of them are really neighborly enough to live right beside us. In the summer time on Lake Superior we have many warbler neighbors, for most members of the family seem to prefer to nest in the North. Perhaps it is because there are so many other nice birds or animals to watch in the woods that makes me love this cheerful pretty summer yellow bird of the city streets more than any country acquaintance. The yellow warblers are singing all day long. I seldom go to the window or walk up the street without hearing the greeting of their busy little song that has come to seem a very pretty bit of music to me. The

yellow warbler is to the color of the sunlight and shadows that he would never be noticed if he kept quiet and still, and as he is probably rather vain of his lovely yellow coat he has to keep singing and hopping around to show off. He pretends to be very busy looking for insects and worms along the twigs but I feel suspicious that he can't eat quite all the day long and that it is partly vanity that keeps him always fluttering.

I wonder if any of you know nice things about my favorite bird? Will you write and tell me? For I've told you about my favorite yellow warbler, you know.

Cordially your friend,

Ethel E. Hooper.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

They downy woodpecker is as large as a sparrow. The downy woodpecker's back is black and white. There is red spots on the back of his head. The downy woodpecker's breast is light gray. They make holes in the trees to make their nests. Sometimes they peck in for fun. First he digs straight and then curved. When the nest is finished then they have to lay some eggs. Then the mother sits on the eggs then the father flies away and gets some food and brings it back to her. The downy woodpecker's tail is flat and pointed.

Yours truly,

Clara Mehl,

Aged 8.

Julia Ward Howe School.

Maywood, Ill., March 31, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Long, long ago, when my mamma was a little girl she lived in Germany, and there were great forests. In Germany they learn that hunting is a trade the same as carpentering. One place in that forest was said to be haunted and there were ghosts. One brave hunter said that he was not afraid so he went one very dark night and, of course, he took his gun. Just as he was coming into the forest some one was talking to him. Then he said, "Who is it," and then it talked again; then he fired a shot and in the morning he and another man went to see what it was. What do you think it was? It was a hoot owl.

Yours truly,

Aged 9

Gussie Sweeney.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.**The Bronzed Grackle.**

The bronzed grackle is sometimes called the "crow blackbird," and at other times the "keel turner," because when it commences to light and turn like any other bird its tail turns up, and when he gets on the ground he looks all around to see if any thing will hurt him. If he thinks that nothing is around he walks as if he were a king, and commences to eat something from the ground. But

make some kind of a noise and he is off in a flash giving his "chirp," "chirp," "chirp," and giving the warning that something was around. Then he will fly off to some other place and watch and when you go away he will "chirp" again and go back to his old feeding place.

The next time he is quite a little bolder about the same noise, but make any other noise and away he goes again.

Their nest consists of some mud plastered between some old stump or on an old crotch of a tree "usually a pine tree" and they will fight any one until they drive him away before they will give up and let him have the eggs or young birds.

The grackles some times kill other young birds. Rather than to build his own nest he prefers to take the crotch of an old pine tree, an old tree that has got a great big hole in it, or a woodpecker's hole.

The young are all covered with black fuzz and make the queerest noise that I ever heard.

Irving Fitts

Aged 10. Kilbourn, Wis., April 21, 1905.

The Bronzed Grackle.

One night I saw several Bronzed Grackles. They looked to be very big from where I stood. They flew away after they had been there a couple of minutes. Their flight was straight.

This morning I saw a large bronzed grackle. It was on the ground picking worms or insects from the ground. I was quite near it before it saw me. In some places it looked blue and it shone brightly. It started to sing. The first note was long and clear, the second was short and the last was nearly as long but not as clear as the first or second.

I have seen about 50 robins, five downy woodpeckers, six or seven sapsuckers, and a few

bluebirds, one partridge and a few more birds.
Aged 12. James Kelly.

Austin Station, Chicago, March 24, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I have not much to say but I think I will write about a meadow lark. One day some boys and I were playing base ball when we heard a meadow lark. We stopped playing and lay down and listened. It was singing and stayed there very long. We were talking to each other, thinking that it was the meadow lark that was there last year. I am a member of the Audubon society and I have been a long time.

Yours respectfully,

Aged 10.

George Hanson.

Austin Station, Chicago.

Dear Wayside:

One morning when I was out in the yard I saw a robin in the garden looking for something to eat. I went into the house to get some bread for the robin and when I came out to give it to him I let the door slam. The robin flew up into the tree with a straw in his mouth and I saw what he did with it; he took and fastened it around the nest and then around the bark of the tree to hold the nest.

One day when I was out in the woods I saw a lot of chips around the roots of a tree. I went on, not paying attention and in a little while I heard a noise and looked up and I saw a wood pecker fly out of a hole in the tree. Some woodpeckers bring the chips away so the nest can't be found.

Aged 12

Thomas Harrison.

Spring Creek, Wis., April 4, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am glad spring has come because it brings the little birds and flowers back again. We had a snow storm last night. I hope the birds have not built their nests and laid their eggs because the snow would get in and melt and make the eggs and nest all wet.

Your truly,

Jannette Johnston.

Letters were also received from Willie Ziegenhagen, Alma Schmidt, Elizabeth Wolter, Ray Redner, Fred Auerbach, Ruth Marlow, Lester Steans, Harlod Weidencacher, Ruth Stanton, Milton Elsing, Archie Vanalstin,

Belle Bement, Ralph Remmel, Hattie Belter, Martha Belter, Minnie Naber, Henry Field, Myrtle Cramer, Lizzie Miler, Frank Vogt, Anna Gottsehaulk, Alfred Anderson, Lydia Doepke, Henry Moores, Tillie Hoedel, Fay Brown, John LeRoy Myrtle Armstrong.

This month the following school Audubon societies have been formed in Wisconsin:

Cambridge, Miss Warner, teacher; 32 members. Kilbourn, Miss Bennett, teacher, 29 members. Kilbourn, Miss Vogt, teacher; 32 members. Washburn, Miss Lang, teacher; 34 members. Cumberland, Miss Cliff, teacher; 43 members.

Teachers and pupils will please notice that the price of the Audubon buttons is now two cents instead of one. The advance in price is made necessary by the greater cost to the society.

The following suggestions to teachers are made by a member of the Wisconsin Audubon Society:

Allow me to remark that it seems to me that the time has now come to instruct the children to feed the birds, telling them what they will eat and how to display it, how to construct bird houses and arrange drinking and bathing places.

The protecting woods are so nearly gone, and natural fruits for birds are now so scarce that the birds have a hard time to live.

The birds have a money value to us all because they protect crops that have a money value. The hen and egg industry is one of the largest in the United States and increasing in proportion to the care and protection given. The birds will also increase if people are hospitable to them. How many bird houses can the children put up, how many birds can they raise?

Bird Protection in Missouri.

Missouri has a new game and fish law which goes into effect June 16th. We are informed that "only the feathers of domestic birds, such as the ostrich, chickens and ducks, may be used, while the wild birds allowed milliners are confined to English sparrows, hawks, horned owls and crows. The bill provides that none of the parts of birds prohibited by the act may be shipped into the State."

The State Audubon Society.

The annual meeting of the society will be May 13th, in Madison. An interesting program has been arranged, consisting of an outdoor excursion and evening addresses. Bird students all over the state should make an effort to attend this meeting.

WILDCHERRY AND WILLOW INSECTS.

(Continued from page 4)

boughs behind them. The larger they grow the more they eat and at last have to separate to find food enough, then crawl down the tree and hang themselves to some fence-rail or other suitable support, and become chrysalids, as do all these other butterfly larvae.

There are three or four smaller butterfly-larvae; the sawfly and *Cimbex ulmi*, which is usually mistaken for a caterpillar, as it has many (too many) legs and curls up on a leaf or twig, in caterpillar shape. It may be cream white, yellow, pink, orange, or pale green, with a black double stripe along the middle of its back and a round, smooth head like a Chinese carved ivory one.

There are many beetles, on willow especially, and many galls containing the young of various fall-flies.

Aphids do not abound on wild cherry and willow as some of the other trees and shrubs, so ants are less abundant. A few spiders will be found, and the tree-crickets.

In hunting for willow and wild cherry insects, saplings or young trees will give best results as a rule, possibly because it is so much easier to examine them, though in watching butterflies in their egg-laying I have found that they chose the younger trees, except when *Vanessa antiopa* took elm instead of willow and almost the top of the tree at that!

I have not attempted to give all the insects on each kind of tree, for it would be too long a task and take too much room, but I have tried to give an idea of the amount of material waiting for anyone who has access to trees—though one tree will not give a specimen of each kind, nor will one group of trees, nor even one locality probably; but I know one teacher in a large city who found "something new every year in a back-yard near the school."

Caroline Gray Soule.

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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. VIII

JUNE, 1905

No. 2

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the
way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked
with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long.
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy
peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret
show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

A SPARROW STORY.

One spring, recently, a pair of robins tried vainly to build a nest in a tree in front of our home; but the English sparrows constantly tore the nest to pieces. I drove them away every morning, noon and night, until the robins had built what would have made two complete nests. Seeing the driving was not effective, I resorted to shooting such sparrows as came within two feet of the nest. Twenty-eight such sparrows were secured.

One very vicious fellow always brought in

a new flock to assist him, so I grew to know him well. He and his mate had a nest across the street under the eaves of the house. Every morning following I arose early to try to capture him. He, however, was too sharp for me, so my attention was directed to his helpmate. Their nest had been made and their eggs laid when I destroyed her. This however, did not discourage the male bird, for inside of half an hour, before the eggs could have become cold, he had secured a second mate.

Next morning I shot this female, and he again procured another. As the days went on this was repeated from time to time. When the ninth one had been secured, a blue jay came along, wandered up to the nest, pulled out the four tiny sparrows and threw them to the ground where he expected to eat them later. The raspy voiced old male sparrow, in his excitement over the blue jay, forgot to watch me, and my little rifle brought him down from his perch.

It is surprising that the death of this "old buck" as I called him, who had been the leading spirit among the many vicious sparrows in the neighborhood, took the spirit out of the entire flock and they all seemed to avoid our vicinity for the rest of the summer.

To me the lesson learned was that to abate the sparrow nuisance one need shoot only those with the black patch upon their throats. Therefore you can more readily drive the sparrows away by destroying the males than the females.

O. B. Zimmerman.

Pays Fine for Killing Feathered Songsters. Sheboygan, Wis., May 19.—Because he shot three little summer birds, John Gottsacker, 28 years old, was arrested and fined \$5, with \$5 costs, by Judge Gibling. Humane Agent Hoehne made the arrest.—Milwaukee Daily News.

PAID
HIS

BIRD NOTES FROM MONTREAL, NORTH CAROLINA.

In this far away place nestling in the heart of the Blue Ridge, bird conditions are quite in contrast to ours, and yet, on account of the altitude, 2700 feet, we get many northern birds. Our robin is almost unknown, while the chippy takes the place of the English sparrow and is everywhere. The beautiful lark sparrow is nesting near and I have seen many birds in pairs and with building material in their bills, or with an air of people going to house-keeping. Some of them are the flicker and downy woodpeckers, chickadee, chewink, blue bird, phoebe, Carolina wren, cardinal, tomtit, field sparrow, blue jay, water thrush, brown thrasher and wood thrush, quail, ovenbird.

Perhaps it will interest the Wayside readers to see my list of birds seen from March 31 to April 30. I put them down in the order found and not in families as my list is now growing rapidly. The season has been cold, and on the mountains—especially in this high valley—the winds are high and this makes birding harder; then I have not hunted for them but only record what are common about the woods and by the brook where we walk daily.

chipping sparrow	quail and flock of 20
downy woodpecker	chicken hawk
flicker	parula warbler
white-breasted nuthatch	wood thrush
tufted titmouse	kingfisher
blue bird	tree sparrow
chickadee	chimney swift
yellow palm warbler	humming bird
yellow throated vireo	oven bird
mountain solitary vireo	scarlet tanager
long sparrow	pine warbler
turkey vulture	black throated blue
whip-poor-will	warbler
chewink	blackburnian warbler
sapsucker	prairie warbler
pewee	sand piper
carolina wren	redstart
field sparrow	white crowned sparrow
blue jay	white throated sparrow
brown creeper	hooded warbler
cardinal	cat bird
pigeon hawk	pileated woodpecker
black vulture	yellow breasted chat
crow	chestnut sided warbler
water thrush	summer yellow bird
phoebe	gold finch
lark sparrow	rose breasted grosbeak
ruby crowned kinglet	robin
brown thrasher	mourning dove
	little blue heron

58 species, and I also have several with a question mark after them. Neither the nesting nor the last list is complete, but it gives an idea of what April can do here.

All about here are the splendid mountains, range upon range, until one feels as though the world were made of mountains. But I hope all can see for themselves the glor-

ious Blue Ridge of North Carolina.

Yours sincerely, Annabell C. Whitcomb.
Montreal, N. C., Apr. 30, 1905.

Wisconsin Audubon Society Meeting.

The annual meeting of the state Audubon Society was held at Madison, May 13. The feature of the program was a lecture by the president, Prof. O. B. Zimmerman, on "The Wanderings of our Birds."

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Joseph Jastrow; first vice president, Dr. R. H. Deniston; second vice-president, Mr. George Raymer; general secretary-treasurer, Mrs. R. G. Thwaites; secretary-treasurer of children's department, Miss Ruth Marshall. The directors are Madames W. F. Allen, C. N. Brown, C. E. Buell, F. K. Conover, F. J. Turner, W. A. P. Morris. Misses Louise Claude, Threse Faville, Helen Kellogg, Prof. H. L. Smith, and Dr. Elsom. The names of Mrs. Henry Whitcomb and Prof. I. N. Mitchell were added to the list of honorary vice-presidents.

Reports were given by the general secretary and the secretary of the children's department. A balance of \$30.55 remains in the treasury.

NESTS.

This is the season when our feathered friends are busy house building, so it is the most interesting time to study materials and construction. Not by removing the nest from limb or nook, which can be done later in the season, but by watching the architect at work. Today I watched an oriole taking cotton from a bunch fastened to a tree. She pulled it off in long threads instead of little bunches as the gold finch did. When it was not fine enough to suit her she used the bark of the tree for a spindle. I could not quite see what the process was but she flew away with a thread. Another interesting thing I have seen is a wood-pewee building its nest. It was on a dead limb of an old oak tree, and I watched the wee bird fit it about herself. After the interior which was constructed mostly of dandelion down was finished, it was amusing to watch the exterior decorations go on. Bits of moss and lichen were brought and while "my lady" sat on the nest, she placed them where she could get the best effect. Later the limb broke off and I had the nest which looked like a mass of dandelion seeds for the down had dried away. This brave

little bird went to work to build another. Alas! this one was just over the clothes reel and the day after the nest was finished in fine bird style was washing day. When the woman commenced to hang the clothes, there was a great scolding and fussing. The wind blew and flapped the clothes in such a frightful way that my friends could not stand it so she patiently moved that nest. Bit by bit she carried it to another tree where I could not watch her. I could tell you many interesting things about nests if I had the time and space, but I hope you will watch and see them for yourselves.

E. S. E.

Letters Received.

To the Secretary of the Audubon Society:—

The Spring Creek branch of the Audubon Society, after a year's existence held its first annual meeting April 28, 1905. Reports of a great many birds have been given from time to time. Greatest interest has been shown by all the members throughout the year. Every number of the Wayside except two in the past year has contained some of our letters, a fact of which we are very proud. Our society has grown from 34 to 41, and is still growing. The Wayside has been in such use that some of our members found it necessary to subscribe for it themselves. We tax our members a small amount; the proceeds we invest in bird pictures (which we get from G. P. Browne, Beverly, Mass., at two cents each.) They are very helpful in learning new birds as the pictures are the natural color of birds.

Jennie Smith, Sec.

LaCrosse, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

This is the second time I have written to you and this time I am going to tell you about the blue bird. One of the most familiar and earliest birds is the blue bird. It is somewhat smaller than the robin and resembles it in appearance. The upper part is a deep sky blue. The throat and breast are a reddish chestnut. It feeds chiefly on insects and worms. The blue bird lays five or six pale blue eggs and has two or three broods a season. The male and female both show much courage in driving other birds from their home. This bird helps the farmer clear away the worms and insects and most farmers put out a box for them to nest in. While I was looking for birds Saturday, behind the cemetery,

I heard a call I thought I knew. On looking across the road, perched on a post, was a blue bird, singing with all its might. After that I saw two or three others. On my way home I saw nine birds as follows: flicker, brown creeper, black and white creeper, song sparrow, fox sparrow, field sparrow, tree sparrow, cedar wax wing and American bittern.

Kilbourn, Wis., Jan. 30, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Every morning when it begins to get light I can see a flock of Juncos or snow-birds in front of the house. I always feed them bird seed and crumbs. When that it eaten they go to the woodpile and eats slugs and worms from the wood. Sometimes the sparrows or blue jays come, but the snow birds stay there just the same. They will not fly away when I throw out more crumbs or give them water.

There are always about a dozen and a half there. When their feet get cold they will squat down on the ground. Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Lydia M. Doepke.

La Crosse, Wis., May 8, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I saw two Baltimore orioles on Tuesday, May 2, 1905. They were flying high in the air, one after the other. It was a fine spring morning and the orange on them shone very brightly. The oriole's nest is always a hanging nest. I think these orioles were getting ready for nesting.

The crown was black and throat black; lower back, middle tail-feathers, breast and belly orange. I couldn't tell whether they were the male and female or not. Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Paul Egbert.

Notice the description of the female in this number of the Wayside and see if you can identify her next time.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

A gentleman living next door to us has a tame thrush. He keeps it in a cage all winter, and in the summer he lets it go. But it comes back again when the cold weather begins. It has a little bell hanging in the cage and whenever he wants anything to eat or drink he just rings the bell. It is very fond of caterpillars; he pulls all the hair off their backs and then eats them. Yours truly,

Aged 14.

Muriel Bodman.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

II

WOODBINE FOLK.

Few persons with woodbine growing over their piazzas realize how many near neighbors they have, but for nature students such a woodbine may be a place with many very interesting inhabitants, and not all of the same race either.

The largest will be caterpillars—unless some small bird has built in the vine—either green or brown, with one end much longer than the other especially when at rest. When in motion this end becomes the smaller for out of it are protruded the head and first segment of the thorax.

These caterpillars are *Pholus* (until recently called *Philampelus*) *pandorus* and *achemon* very similar in appearance but easily distinguished by the oblique patches in their sides, those of *pandorus* being broadly oval with a clear line for their edge, while those of *achemon* are narrower and their edge is broken and irregular. Moreover, *pandorus* usually has but five obliques, while *achemon* has six with a trace of a seventh. When young both kinds have a caudal horn on the eleventh segment, but this is moulted as they grow older, leaving a shining flat disc or tubercle in its place.

When these caterpillars have eaten all they need and are of full size they crawl down and burrow in the earth, becoming dark brown pupae there. From these pupae emerge, in the following summer, beautiful "hawk-moths," *pandorus* in shades of olive green with pink on its hind wings, and *achemon* in fawn color with pink on its hind wings. Both are very beautiful.

More common are the smaller green, or brown caterpillars, with "broad shoulders," *Ampelophaga Myron*, which keep their caudal horn until they become pupae. They do not burrow in the earth and pass the winter there, but spin cocoons like fish nets among the leaves on the ground, and instead of becoming dark brown pupae, are pale brown and speck-

led. Their moths are in shades of metallic green with tan-colored hind wings.

There may be found a much less common caterpillar plain green with yellowish obliques and a horn on the eleventh segment. This is *Deidamia inscripta*, and makes a pretty moth of brown, gray and silver gray colors. The caterpillar has the third and fourth segments slightly enlarged, like all the others of which we have written so far, and is nearly akin to them, as is the more common *Amplion nesus*. This caterpillar is green when young and usually brown when full fed. It is a sluggish creature but makes a lovely little moth, velvety brown and yellow in color, with a band of bright yellow around its brown body.

If one is observing he may see these moths fasten their green eggs to the leaves of the woodbine in the early dusk of June evenings, or in May if it is warm.

The eggs of all these moths are green, nearly globular, and look like tiny drops showing the green of the leaf through them. They may be on the upper or under side of the leaves, on the stems or tendrils, and it is impossible to tell one kind from another unless one sees the moth lay them.

Most common of all the woodbine crawlers is the slender brown *Thyrens abbotii*, now called *Sphecodina abbotii*. This caterpillar comes from green eggs like the other, but is very different in looks for it has no enlarged segments and no obliques on the sides, but all its brown lines run longitudinally, and it looks much like a piece of old, woodbine stem, until it rears its hinder end and looks like a small snake with a very big eye. The "eye" is the bright black tubercle left when the caudal horn was moulted, and the snake-like effect of the caterpillar when disturbed or frightened doubtless frightens birds which might otherwise eat it.

Sometimes caterpillars of this kind are found with regular green patches along their bodies, but these are less common. The moth is larger than *nesus*, but in browns and yellow and very pretty.

There may be some smaller caterpillars—all these others grow to a length of two and a half inches at least—which seem to be lined with white, black and orange and have black spots. These are *Alypia octomaculata*, sometimes called "the eight spotted wood-nymph,"

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

THE SUMMER BIRDS.

The two secretaries are going to ask the Audubon boys and girls to watch closely the birds of their acquaintance this summer to find out all they can about their habits—how they rear their young, how many broods they have, what they eat, how they sing, and many other things found out by keeping one's eyes and ears open. Here is something to do during the long vacation. Write to the Wayside the best letter that you can, telling what you have found out. For the best letter sent by Sept. 1 to either secretary, a prize of a bird book will be given, and the letters will be published in the Wayside.

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

Park Falls, Wis., May 26, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Our Audubon Society has just started this spring, and we don't know much about the birds but we are going to learn about them. I am going to describe the oriole. The nest is long and swings from a limb of a tree. His color is orange and black. His breast is orange and his head is black. His tail is black and orange. He builds his nest high in trees. He likes to eat worms and insects. He does not like crows and hawks. We have twenty-five bird pictures in our school room. I like all the birds in the world.

A little Audubon girl,
Aged 8. Virenne Leichtnam.

ILLINOIS PRIZE LETTER.

The Baltimore Oriole.

Last week when I was going up town I saw an oriole. It was in one of the highest branches and I thought it was a boy whistling. But I went out into the street and saw it was an oriole. The oriole had a black head and a black tail and a bright orange breast. The oriole had some twine in his mouth and I thought he was going to build his nest there, but he flew away. I did want to follow it but as I was in a hurry I could not.

The song of the oriole is very sweet, and some of its notes are like those of the rose-breasted grosbeak.

The Baltimore oriole was so named because Lord Baltimore, who was living up in New Foundland, went on a visit to Virginia and saw so many birds that he could hardly tell one from another. Afterwards he chose the oriole's color for his own.

The males come before the females, and if two want a certain mate they will fight for her. The orioles like high elm trees the best for their nests so that it can swing and sway in the wind. If they are in the wilderness they will have the top of the nest very small; if they know that nobody will molest them they will make it more open. In Whittier's Child Life he gives some very nice verses:

Upon a limb—the lazy fellow!—

Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,

Always singing throughout the day.
Close at their side, the watchful mother,

Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place and asks no other,

Flying and gleaming all day long.
Four little mouths in time grew smaller,

Four little throats in time are filled.
Four little nestlings quite apall her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

May 23, 1905.

Florence Deuben.

Jim Crow.

Two or three years ago, in the eastern part of Indiana, a friend and I were returning from an Indian mound where we had been hunting for arrows and pottery, when our attention was directed towards a large maple tree. There

in the topmost branches of the tree was a very large chicken hawk which was battling with an infuriated mother bird of the crow family. She was guarding her young birds. This cruel chicken hawk then made a snatch at the nest and in doing so killed the mother bird and all of the young but one and this one fell to the ground and my friend picked it up. He then succeeded in killing the chicken hawk with a small rifle he had with him.

We then took the bird home and it grew to be quite a large bird and flew all around the neighborhood. One day we took him to a bird-dealer who slit his tongue and in a few weeks he was able to talk.

One of his favorite ways was to sit on the telephone poles or wires and say "Jim Crow." If anybody asked him if he was bad, he would say "no;" if you asked him if he was good he would say "yes."

One day he was making a wide detour of the country around and lit on a wire which, alas, was a live one and he bowled over like a shot rabbit.

Charles Allen Clark,
5th grade. Chicago.

The Planting Bird.

[The brown thrush is commonly known as the "planting bird" because it sings so much at planting time and its sweet rippling notes are made to say the following words.—Mrs. I C. Fisher.]

There is a bird that sings in spring,
It is a cheering song to sing;
It cheers the farmer at work in the field
As he works and says, "I'll never yield
While the planting bird keeps singing."

It says, "Dig a hole, drop a seed,
Then cover it up, kill the weed;
Then hoe and take care of your crop,
Keep working and never stop,
Till your harvest is gathered."

So the planting bird keeps singing.
Aged 12. —James Pratt.

The Baltimore Oriole.

Almost every day I see an oriole next door from us. They have large trees in their back yard and the oriole likes to sit in the highest branches of the trees. I have never seen a female oriole, but I hope some day I may. I

think the oriole is one of the prettiest birds we have.

The oriole's nest is like a pocket suspended from the end of a high, slim branch. It is made of twine and straw and a lot of other things. I think the oriole builds its nest at the end of a slim branch so that cats cannot get at it, and another reason is, the oriole likes to have the wind rock it. I was looking out of our bedroom window one day and I heard an oriole singing, but I did not see it, when all of a sudden it flew past me. It looked so pretty. The oriole is called the Baltimore oriole because when Lord Baltimore was here the orioles were some of the first birds he saw and he chose their colors for his own. The oriole's song is like a part of the rose-breasted grosbeak's and if you do not see the oriole you will mistake it for the grosbeak.

"Hush! 'Tis He!"

My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping—
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his
luck,

Yet fearing one who had laid it in his way.

—Lowell.

May 26, 1905.

Ava Larsen.

Our Robin.

We have had robins for many years and we think it must be the same birds, and so we call them "our robins." Their nests are either in our yard, our neighbors, or our orchard. This year a pair built their nest in an elm tree in the street near our house.

They are so tame that when we work in the garden we throw worms to them, and they stay near us and eat them. Early one morning we saw one at our lemon lilies pulling out the long fibrous leaves, carrying them away to build their nest. On one leaf he pulled so hard that he nearly fell over, and we laughed for it looked so funny. This evening when I went into our orchard I saw a nest in the plum tree, I climbed up the tree and I saw the nest; I think it was not quite finished. It was made of dried grass, strings, and bits of rags, woven together, and pasted with wet mud. I did not touch the nest, but I climbed down, and went away.

I love to watch the birds. This morning I

saw the female picking up some dried straw till she had a big mouth full.

One morning I saw the robin and the jay fighting, but I don't know why. The neighbors and ourselves don't keep a cat so that the wild birds can find good homes in our yards. When a stray cat happens to come near, the birds know enough to scream loudly, and we run out and chase it away.

Cora Wuerker,
Alton, Ill.

Aged 11.

Park Falls, Wis., May 4, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Our Audubon Society was just started this spring, so we don't know much about the birds. But we are going to learn more about them. I will describe a scarlet tanager which is very pretty. It has a short black bill; its eyes are brown and black. Its wings are black and its tail is black. All the rest of the bird is red. It looks like a bright red ribbon. It eats bugs, worms, seeds, and berries. This is all I know about it, but I will learn more.

A little Audubon girl,

Aged 9.

Diamo Besaw.

Chicago, May 5, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I do not know much about the purple grackle so I will tell about frogs. One day I went with some other boys to study birds. On the way I caught a big frog in the ditch and took him home. Frogs live mostly in marshy places. When it is in a tadpole state it is a water animal, but after its change it has to come to the surface to breathe. The tongue is fastened at the entrance of the mouth so that it lies back in the throat. When it is hungry it darts out its tongue and catches an insect and carries it back to the throat where it is swallowed. The hind legs are longer than the fore legs and are webbed. The frogs can make far and rapid leaps. I think it is very cruel for boys to keep frogs in cans and bottles without board or something for them to rest upon and breathe freely. I put a board in when I had one and I wish others to do the same.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Robert Dewar.

Does Robert know that frogs can breathe in water as well as in air? How many of the Wayside readers have ever watched frogs breathe?

Durand, Wis., May 19, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

There is a little pewee's nest in our shed with little birds in it. We had another nest but the shed fell down and broke the nest and the two little eggs that were in it. There is a cat bird that comes every night and sings his song in our trees. I tried to see him one night but I just caught a glimpse of him as he flew away. When I went into the house he came back and finished his song. There are two little ruby-throated humming birds that stay around our flowers. Sometimes they try to get in at the flowers in the house. There are also a great many gold finches around the yard. I see a pair of brown creepers every night and morning when I am going and coming from school. I think they have a nest somewhere but I cannot find it. I also see a pair of robins.

Yours truly,

Aged 14.

June Johnson.

Kilbourn, Wis., May 17, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Three seasons ago a pair of flickers hollowed out in a hole in an old decayed tree in our yard. Then they built a nest there and they have been building there till this spring. Last spring I thought a pair of blue birds were going to build there but they did not. This year before the birds came the squirrels made a nest there. Then the flickers made another hole higher up in another tree, but before it was finished we saw two flickers having a fight and we think one killed the other for we found a dead flicker with its eyes picked out. A little while after, the tree in which the flickers nested first blew down, so neither the flickers or squirrels could have the nest.

Your Wayside reader,

Aged 9.

Ruth Bennett.

The following is an extract from a very interesting letter which is too long to print in full:

Before I came to Chicago I lived in Florida ten years where I was born. There I enjoyed very much the study of birds. I have seen the Florida blue jay, some species of the warblers, the mocking bird, and the cardinal which I have seen in the state of Georgia. One morning while there I saw five cardinals

or red birds, and three or four blackbirds perched on the branches of a fig tree. I feel pretty well acquainted with the Florida birds.

Leslie F. Edwards, Jr.

April 16.

Chicago, Ill.

Letters Received.

Fred Sager of Wheeler writes about two owls: the secretary wishes he had told us what kind they were. It seems hardly fair to catch them and keep them shut up, however. Esther Brotzman of Durand tells of an oddly marked robin; is she quite sure she remembers the colors? White shows on the tail of all robins, and, by the way, who can tell where it is? Ruth Brotzman has noticed how the robins catch angleworms, and has been feeding crumbs and seeds to the birds. It is hard to tell what the strange bird in the flock was; next time perhaps she will notice more carefully just where the colors were, as well as other points about the bird. Bessie Armstrong, of Kilbourn, has an interesting account of a robin's nest which she is watching. Natalie Snider is watching the robins, too, and has a good account of a family. Lela Fowler describes a bird she has found; unfortunately this is not full enough so that the secretary can tell the kind it is. Elfreda Hemple of Appleton writes of her tame canary. The yellow warbler and the gold finch are both sometime called "wild canary;" which one does Elfreda refer to? Otto Romag of Park Falls describes a turtle dove; does he not mean the mourning dove? And Eunice Mulholland has something to say about the robin.

Since last month the following school Audubon societies have been formed: Caledonia, 25 members, Miss Francks, teacher; River Falls, 23 members, Miss Padden, teacher; and Crivitz, 27 members.

WOODBINE FOLK.

(Continued from page 4)

from the spots of yellow and white on the black wings of the moth.

A very similar small crawler is pale bluish in color with lines of black and bands of orange. This is *Eudryas grata*, and the moth is beautiful, with creamy white fore-wings, edged with violet and brown while the hind wings are clear yellow with a little brown.

These caterpillars are much alike and have a humpy look and are by no means as attractive as the larger woodbine-folk. Both transform in the earth or in soft wood.

Beetles may be found hiding among the leaves, and harvest-spiders, common spiders, flies of various kinds, while leaf-cutter bees may be seen cutting pieces out of the leaves to line their holes, and unpleasant aphids often makes the leaves sticky, sometimes even dripping, with its sweet, honey-like excretion.

Bees seek the nectar of the pale green flowers, and mosquitoes hide under the leaves during the heat of the day, and in pursuit of them come the great dragon-flies, especially at dusk when the mosquitoes begin flying again.

Birds, especially orioles, search the vines for the caterpillars of the hawkmoths, and vireos peer and pry under the leaves for any small insect luckless enough to come in their way.

One kind of visitors may spoil the finest caterpillars. As the birds search the caterpillars to eat or to give to their young, so the parasitic flies seek them to sting. Each sting means the laying of an egg in or on the victim, an egg which will soon give a grub whose food will be the tissues of the unfortunate caterpillar. If the sting pierces the skin of the crawler the egg is laid in its body, and some of these flies always lay eggs thus. Others merely fasten the eggs on the skin of the caterpillar, and the grub eats its way through the skin of the soft tissues of the crawler and feeds on them. In either case the end is death to the caterpillar and life to the grub which, in time, pupates and becomes a fly.

Big black ants frequent the vines in search of food, and often carry off the newly hatched caterpillars.

It is interesting to see how many of these creatures one can find on one woodbine—that is the woodbine on one house or over one piazza. I have found them all, with the addition of an English sparrows' nest, on the woodbine on one side of a house. The Japanese woodbine is just as populous as the Virginia creeper.

Most of these creatures may be found on grape vines as well as on woodbine.

Caroline Gray Soule.

[In the description of *Limenitis misippus* on page 4 of the May Wayside the word "frass" was misprinted "grass."—Ed.]

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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

NO. 3

To a September Whip-poor-will.

Oh, happy whip-poor-will,
Still singing in the dark,
In May we hailed your song
And often stayed to hark—
Dear Whip-poor-will.

Through June and hot July
You cheered the mellow eves;
When shown the harvest moon
You piped among the sheaves,
Still Whippoorwill.

May I learn, evening bird,
From your bright, cheerful song
Some bit of wisdom true
To help my life along,
True Whippoorwill?

"When you are sad and weary
And fail to reach your mark,
Keep your courage bravely
By singing in the dark,"
Says Whip-poor-will.

—Ivy Carpenter Fisher.

A Robin Story.

It was a dry, dusty, disagreeable spring; no rain had fallen for weeks; all the cisterns were dry and people coughed and sneezed from the dirt and dust they inhaled. May flowers were short-stemmed and stunted, and everybody longed for rain.

It was at this time that a young couple decided to build a home, and chose a spot in the north part of the town. They wanted mortar for the walls of their house, but no water was within reach, not a brook or puddle any where around. They dug up roots of dry grass and took the moist soil from underneath, but it did not work well and would not hold to-

gether firmly enough the sticks and straw used.

Finally the house was finished, made as neatly as it could be under the distressing circumstances, and the little couple went to housekeeping.

One day when the young robins were a few days old, (oh, didn't I tell you that they were a couple of robins? Well, they were!) a terrible wind, and rain storm came up, and the home not being firmly fastened because of the dry earth used for mortar, was blown down, and a tramp cat hearing the cry of distress from the parent birds, and *understanding*, went and devoured the little ones. For days the little couple were seen about the neighborhood, but nobody noticed them, nobody cared for their pitiful calls, because they did not understand robin language.

But, (as you all know, I am sure) robins nest twice a season; so this little couple decided to build in another part of the town. One day while looking for a site, Mr. R. heard a whistle; it sounded strangely familiar. Yes, there it was again—a danger call, and then a woman quickly ran out of a house near by and said, "S-c-a-tt, you horrid cat!" and then a robin flew up into the tree overhead. Mr. R. heard her say laughingly, "I don't know what you robins would do if I didn't watch the cat for you!" So Mr. R. decided that this must be a good neighborhood. The weather was very hot by this time and the season still a

dry one, and it seemed so useless to build a house out of dry earth. But suddenly he espied a dish under the hedge, two dishes, in fact, one full of clear, cool water, of which he immediately made use,—oh, such a delicious bath as he had! And the other dish contained, now what do you think? A lot of the loveliest *mud*, a robin could wish for, soft and smooth and pasty. He called his mate and they found a crooked crab apple tree and set to work; they built a nest so perfect, so round, so smooth inside,—oh, you couldn't make such a house! It was fastened so firmly that no amount of shaking could move it. Then four eggs were laid. Later four of the dearest, trustiest, most confident, young robins flew from the new home. How the parent birds loved them, and taught them all that robins should know!

When they could fly nicely they were induced to come to the bath tub and to see the dear, patient mother teach them to bathe would have done you good.—The father sang happily from the elm tree in the front yard, knowing that he had done well his part, and that the mother was taking good care of the little ones. One of them, the smallest one, always tagged his mother and would stand and bawl if she got too far away. You couldn't call it anything else. "Peach-it, peach-it," he'd say, and then the mother would pull up a fat angleworm and leave it, well knowing that the lazy little hypocrite would gobble it up.

Sometimes while the robins bathed (often there were as many as eighteen around the tub), a cat would sneak up, and then that strange imitation of a robin's danger call was heard; then all the robins would rush to the fence and trees, for by this time they had learned that it was the woman who whistled, and tho' it

was but a poor imitation of a robin's call they knew what it meant and minded.

I hope you will not forget, when there is no rain for weeks, to help the birds; a dish of mud, a dish of water always; a few little pieces of rag, or old lace or embroidery is much loved for nest decoration.

The above is a true story. The nest was taken down from the old apple tree in the early winter after the robin went south—(It can be seen by those who desire at the Public Library in Appleton, placed there by the woman herself.)

E. L. E.

Bird Warden of Audubon Association Slain.

Woman's desire to wear on her bonnet pretty aigrets plucked from the slain bodies of plume birds of southern Florida, and the avariciousness of men to obtain the money she so willingly pays for the dainty adornments are credited with being the causes which led to the killing of Guy M. Bradley, warden of the National Association of Audubon Societies, on an island off Florida, forty miles from Key West, on July 8.

According to details of the killing received by officers and members of the national association it is alleged that Bradley was the victim of a plot, and Walter Smith, a professional plume hunter, who is now in the Key West jail awaiting the action of the grand jury, is accused of being the willing instrument of his colleagues in getting rid of the man who stood relentlessly for the protection of the birds. Smith asserts that he shot Bradley in self-defense. His two sons who were with him, corroborate his statements. The finding of the body, its condition and the surrounding circumstances, however, leave much to be explained, and for this reason Smith was arrested on the charge of murder.

"Bradley is a martyr to the cause of bird protection," said William Dutcher, who is president of the National Association of Audubon Societies and who in behalf of the association has retained State Senator Harris of Key West to prosecute Smith. "Bradley was noble and brave, a lover of birds and an enthusiast in their protection."

Bradley had been warden of the National association in the southern district of Florida since 1902. He was a native of Illinois, about 35 years old and a noted hunter. His parents settled at Flamingo, at the southerly point of Florida years ago and his father is the present postmaster at that place. He had a wife and two little children. He was recommended for the position of warden in the Cape Sable district by Kirk Munroe, a vice president of the Florida Audubon Society. Ornithologists and members of the National association who visited Bradley at various times always returned with praise for him, his knowledge and love of birds and his fidelity to his work.

In his launch, the Audubon, Bradley traveled thousands of miles in the waters around southern Florida in the performance of his duties and was willing to undergo any hardship to protect the birds. His war against the plume hunters was unceasing and relentless. They regarded him as their deadly foe and frequent threats against his life were made. He spoke of these threats to officers of the association, but said he did not mind them and would go on with his work.

Tragedy and pathos mark the history in recent years of the birds in whose protection Bradley suffered death. The American aigret and the snowy heron, both of the same species, and during the breeding season beautified by the pretty and graceful aigrets so greedily sought

for by the professional hunter, were once numerous along the Atlantic seaboard and shores of the Gulf of Mexico. But when fashion brought the aigret for women's bonnets into the market the work of extermination began. Now the birds are found only in the Florida everglades and among some remote islands along the shores or the gulf states. Between the American aigret and the snowy heron the only difference is in the size, the former being twice as large as the latter and producing longer plumes.

Although the laws of Florida and other states are severe against the plume hunters, the dealers of New York and elsewhere have constantly offered them inducements to slaughter the birds. In 1903 New York feather dealers offered \$23 an ounce for the plumes.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

A Queer Tenant.

This spring a pair of robins built their nest and reared their young successfully in the corner of the porch under the roof. After a time it was discovered that the vacant nest had been appropriated by a colony of bumble-bees. They made their presence known by angry buzzing whenever the post of the porch was shaken. A cautious investigation from the top of a step-ladder one evening showed the nest filled with dried grass from which a few drowsy bees came forth complainingly.

R. M.

A Few Writers on Birds.

James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Alfred Tennyson, Celia Thaxter; Henry D. Thoreau, Wilson Flagg, D. Lange; Florence Merrimam, F. Schuyler Matthews, W. Hamilton Gibson, Frank Bolles, Olive Thorne Miller, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Bradford Torrey, John Burroughs, Frank M. Chapman, John B. Grant, Mabel Osgood Wright, Elliott Coues.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

The Course of Study.

Now that we are beginning to understand what nature study is, the practical question arises, What shall be taught? It has been the aim in these columns to give some suggestions, based upon experience, that will help teachers to answer the question. Out of the vast multitude of objects in the world which might be studied, select only those which have some direct relation to the child's life, the consideration of which will help in better living and right action. To be very definite, here is a list of the subjects which should be included in a rational course of study.

First, the domesticated animals, their use to man, their traits, their origin; the care they need, and the laws regarding their protection. The child's natural introduction to this subject is through its pets. Few persons realize the enormous debt man owes to domesticated animals in his rise from savagery.

Then, secondly, certain native wild animals, chief among which are birds and insects. Without birds man could not cope successfully with his insect enemies. The aesthetic appreciation of birds will come all in good time; first show their economic value. Every child, on leaving the grades, should be familiar with at least fifty native wild birds,—should recognize them easily, know something of their song, their habits, and above all, their relation to man. Also, they should know the life histories of a few common insects and recognize the

chief groups. These facts should be known by practical experience in rearing and collecting them, and in watching them out-of-doors. They are the largest in species of all the classes of animals; among them are some of man's worst enemies, while others are well nigh indispensable to him.

Add to the list the earthworm, so important a factor in soil formation; the toad, so important an aid in keeping down insect enemies; and do not omit the tadpole stage of both toads and frogs when they are so useful as scavengers in the natural waters.

The same considerations will determine the list of plants for the nature study course. Every child leaving the elementary schools should know the common wild and cultivated plants of his region, especially in their relation to man. There are first the grains, the trees, the garden and field plants, upon which we depend for food, clothing and shelter. Each child should recognize them by sight, should be shown their peculiar values, and the simple methods for their care. Then there are plant enemies, like the poison ivy, to be known that it may be avoided and destroyed.

A large number of native wild plants should be known, and their habits and characters from actual field work. This list will include, of course, first, flowering plants and ferns. Here is the place to introduce the wonderful facts of insect fertilization and sex. Then there are the fungi,—bacteria, moulds, mushrooms,—an enormous number of parasites and saprophytes, plants which play an enormously important role in the world.

The small size of many of them does not rule them out; and it is quite within the realm of the elementary school to show some of their effects in producing fermentation, decay and disease.

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE.

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Whip-poor-will.

Male. Upper parts streaked with black, the head finely mottled with black and white, the back mottled with ochraceous-buff and black; primaries black, with broken rufous bars; tail irregularly barred with black and mottled with whitish- or cream-buff; end half of three outer feathers white; black on the outer vane of the outer feather extending farther down than on the others; throat and breast blackish, finely mottled with cream-buff or ochraceous-buff; a narrow white band across the upper breast; belly cream buff, irregularly barred with blackish; base of the bill beset with long-stiffened bristles, which are without hairlike branches.

Range. Eastern North America, north to New Brunswick and Manitoba; winters from Florida southward.

Eggs, two, laid on the ground or leaves, in woods or thickets; dull white, with delicate, obscure lilac markings and a few distinct brownish gray spots.

In walking through a rather densely grown woods I have sometimes been surprised by having a Whip-poor-will fly up from beneath my feet and disappear in the surrounding growth. I say surprised,

because the bird's flight is as noiseless as a moth's, and this unusual ghostly silence is almost as startling as the whir of a grouse. The Whip-poor-will's day begins when the sun does down. Then he passes out into the bushy fields near his home, and, flying low, catches his supper on the wing. Between courses he rests on some low perch, and gives utterance to the notes familiar to many who have never seen their author. *Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will*, he calls, rapidly and with unexpected snap and vigor. If one is quite near the singer, a preliminary *chuck* may be heard before each call. These notes are given for about two hours after sunset and a short time before sunrise.—*Chapman, Handbook of Birds.*

How many Wayside boys and girls have heard the Whip-poor-will this summer? And has anyone been lucky enough to see it, or its nest? Send in your letters by Oct. 1.

The Bluebird.

La Crosse, Wis., April 8, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The color of the top of the bluebird is of a sky blue, the throat and breast are reddish chestnut and the belly white. The eggs of the bird are bluish-white. It is one of the first birds in the spring. The call of this bird in the autumn is "far-away, far-away." Early in April it builds its nest in old bird boxes or in hollow trees. This bird is a little smaller than the robin.

Last summer we were out in the cemetery and we came to a hollow tree where a bluebird had its nest. We first saw the mother bird fly out of the nest, and then we looked in. There we saw five eggs on some straw. Its length is about seven inches.

Yours truly,
Frances Egbert.

Cascade, Wis., June 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to describe a wren's nest. It is made of straw lined with horsehair. It is a little smaller than a sparrow and has a little stubby tail. The eggs are brownish. A wren built a nest in a bale of binder twine that my papa hung in an apple tree. Its song is very noisy.

Yours truly,

Aged 8. Jennie Hoftiezen.

Waldo, Wis., June 28, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to describe the martin and its nest. The back of the martin is purple, the breast is brownish. The eggs are about the size of a song sparrow's eggs. They are a clear delicate white. They make their nest of twigs and line it with feathers. They like to build in bird houses.

Yours truly,

Aged 10. Anna Shelton.

Cascade, Wis., June 28, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to describe the Bronzed Grackle. It builds its nest in a tree. It built in one of our apple trees in the orchard. Its nest is built of sticks and lined with hairs and feathers. The grackle is a little larger than a robin. Its head and neck are a greenish color. Its eggs are blue, the size of a robin's, and have black streaks on them.

Yours truly,

Myrtle Anderson.

Portage, Wis., May 24, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Our school house is situated beside a pleasant woods where the songs of birds can be heard all day. I am going to

write about the Bobwhite, one kind of bird that stays near the school. At recess they do not stay very near, but after we go in they come close and get the crumbs we leave for them. They are very shy and always seem happy. I love to study about birds.

Aged 13.

May McIntyre.

Park Falls, Wis., May 4, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Our Audubon Society started this spring. We don't know much about the birds, but we are going to learn about them for we like them. I am going to describe a bird. It is a robin. Her breast is red. She has a pretty bill. It is quite long. She is quite large and she eats worms and crumbs. The mother robin is duller in color than the father robin. He sings to her while she keeps the eggs warm. They build their nests close to houses. We have twenty-five bird pictures in our school room. This is all I will write this time.

A little Audubon girl,

Aged 8.

Eunice Mulholland.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

The ruby crowned kinglet is a very shy little bird, and is one of the smallest birds in the United States. It is only four and one-half inches long and its color is mostly gray with a little green mixed. It has a bright red spot on the back of its head; that is why it was named the ruby crowned kinglet. That ruby spot is a sort of a crown.

The golden crowned kinglet is somewhat similar to the ruby crowned kinglet only the golden crowned kinglet has a golden spot on the back of its head.

The ruby crowned kinglet comes and

stays with us a few weeks in April; then he goes farther north and comes back about November and stays a few weeks; then he goes south to stay the rest of the winter.

There are not many birds here now except the bluejays and the sparrows which of course stay here all winter. I do not know whether the snow birds are here yet or not, but I think they will soon be here.

Very truly yours,
Edward S. Gaylord.

Robins.

The robin is very pretty. It has a red breast and dark brown wings. They fly south when the snow comes but they come back very early in the spring. Last year a baby robin fell out of the nest and I caught it and took it home. That evening the mother and the father birds came to hunt for it and I took it out and gave it to them and they took it up to the nest, but they had a very hard time to get it up. But at last they succeeded in getting it to its nest. There is a pair of robins building a nest in a tree in our yard. We nailed some cotton on our stable wall and they have taken it all. The robins' eggs are a light blue. They are very pretty.

Age 10. Lavall Evans.
Alton, Illinois.

Deer Park, Wis., March 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

It was just a little while ago that I found that chickadees could whistle. One afternoon as I was coming home from school with Ruth Larson we saw some chickadees. They were black and gray. We heard them singing. We also heard some birds whistling. We

thought that they were some different kind of birds. They were with the chickadees. I did not know then that they were chickadees. A few days after that my teacher was looking at a bird paper, and she found that chickadees whistled and sang.

At noon March 21, when several of us were coming home from school together, one of the girls pointed out a robin. It was sitting on a post. When we were just opposite the post, Mr. Robin flew away. The same day when I was coming back to school with Ruth Larson we saw three bluebirds flying about.

Age 10 years. Alta Halverson.

Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to write about the downy woodpecker. The downy woodpecker builds his nest in a tree. His hole is straight and then curved. This is why he curves it, so the wind and rain and snow can't get in. The downy woodpecker is spotted. The spots are black, white, and a red spot on his head.

He digs the hole himself and it is very comfortable. The downy woodpecker can stand on the trunk of the tree, and the robin and sparrow can not. He gets his food from the trees.

Yours truly,
Aged 9. Norman Elmer Andersen.

La Crosse, Wis.; Feb. 3, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

This is the first time I have written to you. I belong to the Audubon Society, and am interested in birds. Some weeks ago the trees in front of our school were full of cedar waxwings.

A few days ago I was playing in the school yard when my little brother called

my attention to a flock of waxwings. The cedar waxwing gets its name from the wax-like spots on its wings. It has a top-knot and a yellow stripe on its tail which makes the bird very beautiful.

As I was looking out of the school window day before yesterday, I saw a flock flying around in the hackberry trees so merrily. This winter there were four brought into school. Probably they had frozen. This is the first year I have ever seen so many flocks of waxwings.

It is very uncommon for the robins to stay in La Crosse all winter, but they are here this winter in flocks.

Yours truly,
Russell Pope.

A True Story of a Sparrow.

A little sparrow came to make its home on our porch. It did not build a nest but it came every night to sleep there for seven years.

One night we slept down at my aunt's house. It was the morning when the high school started to burn, and my cousin ran over to our house to get mamma's silver, and just as he got the door opened the bird flew up stairs and in the pillow case on the bed.

My cousin went upstairs to look for it, but he could not see it; he heard a "chirp! chirp!" but he could not find it. At last it jumped up and flew down stairs and back to its little hole.

Aged 12. Ruth Baruge,
Appleton, Wis.

Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The downy woodpecker has a black and white back and a red spot on his head. The woodpecker helps the trees. He eats the worms and bugs from the

trees. He can run up the tree. The downy woodpecker's breast is light gray. He is as large as a sparrow. The downy woodpecker has two toes in the front and two toes in the back. He has long curved claws. Do you like the downy woodpecker?

Yours truly,
Aged 10. Robert Mills.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

The Course of Study.

(Continued from page 20.)

So much for the material. Only the biological side has been treated upon; this is the most fundamental.

Next, these subjects should be arranged in a graded course of study running from the kindergarten to the high school where it will form the basis for the science instruction. Each locality should determine the list of subjects to be included in its course. The most familiar and easily studied will be given to the lower grades. Each year there should be taken up at least one domesticated animal, a small list of birds, a few insects, a few domesticated plants, and a number of wild forms. The next year a few more are added, and the previous group reviewed and considered in some new aspect.

R. M.

The editor and secretary is back at her post after a six months' absence from the state, during which time the work has been carried on by the librarian. Miss Edna Edwards.

If you find a cross in this space it will remind you that your subscription is due. You are earnestly requested to renew it.

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By The Wayside

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VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 7.



The Scarlet Tanager.

"Pshaw! wait—wait—for me—wait!" calls a rich, full voice from the topmost bough of a tall tree. Following the voice we catch a glimpse of the only rival of the Baltimore Oriole,—a rival in beauty, of form, color and song. The Oriole is usually considered the better singer, for his song is full of joy, but for those who like sadness in a song, the Tanager's is the more beautiful.

If you have been fortunate enough to see him sitting on his lofty perch with the sunlight giving brilliancy to his handsome coat of rich scarlet and velvety black, the sight will never be forgotten. No red could be redder, or black more jet black,—that is, if he is wearing his full spring costume.

His voice is one not often heard, for the bird is a timid one, seldom coming near our homes, but flitting,—a flash of

NATURAL
HISTORY

scarlet,—in the edges of our woods. The voice once heard lingers long in our memories. His call note is a simple one of two syllables, something like “chip-chirr.” If you once hear it and are able to remember it you may be able, sometime, to find the Tanager, when otherwise you would not know that he was about. On reaching the point from whence the voice came you may possibly find a Robin, instead of the long-looked-for Tanager. Their voices are much alike when calling, except that the Robin’s is a little more mellow. There is a hoarseness in the Tanager’s call that never appears in the Robin’s.

Wherever you see him once, it is safe to look for him again. His song is worth waiting for, as he tells you. Being a ventriloquist, the Tanager’s notes do not always tell us where he is. Oftentimes his voice may seem to come from a distance, when, really, he is quite near. This power helps him to divert attention from the nest and family so dear to him. “Chip-a-ra-ree,” we hear him sing at intervals, seeming to get out of breath before he has sung all that he intended. At other times he favors us with a soft, low chant. Then we feel that we have heard him at his devotions. One kind of song we may hear from him in the morning and a longer and sweeter strain in the afternoon; this depends entirely on the mood he is in. But in whichever song it is heard, the Tanager’s voice is one to be long remembered.

Early in the springtime, before the eggs are laid, this red-coated minstrel flits about among the branches with his mate, and as they talk to each other in low, sweet, warbling notes, they win our love by their gentle tenderness. If you have not been told anything about the family, you will not be likely to know her as his

mate, for she wears a dress as different from his as anything in feathers could be,—greenish above, greenish-yellow below.

In a nest so low and loosely woven as hers is, the mother Tanager, if she were as gayly dressed as her consort, would be an easy mark for the sportsman. As it is, she escapes the notice of all except those looking long and carefully for her. The fledglings, before shedding their baby feathers, seem to be doing their very best to look like both their parents by wearing mixed suits of olive, speckled with bright green, red and yellow. After their first moult they look more like their parents.

Later in the season the song voice of the father grows fainter, and at last is still. Like many other feathered musicians he feels like singing only in the woods and groves of his own home. As the time draws near for him to leave these for a winter in Central or South America, a feeling of sadness possesses him, taking away his voice which told of the happiness which comes only when one is at home with loved ones. When this strange feeling of sadness and unrest comes over him, he lays aside his gorgeous concert gown of scarlet and black and robes himself in a dull, greenish traveling garment, and looks quite like his wife and children, except for his wings and tail of black. These he keeps, though they are a little duller than in the spring time. In these modest garments the parent Tanagers, with their triplets, wing their way to the sunny lands far away, the older birds leading the way, while the children follow. Feeding on insects, wild berries, and seeds, they travel only at night. Each day of their journey is spent in a different place, among the differing trees, vines and bushes, or differing hills and valleys.

—*M. C. Walker in Our Birds and Their Nestlings.*

Find the Toad!

When my sister and I were little girls attending the country school, we had quite a long walk home and used to pick up and take quite an interest in various things by the roadside.

One day we found a toad and, hesitating to leave him, we tied a string to one of his legs and let him hop along by our side. Fearing our mother would think it cruel to treat little creatures in this way, we tied him to a fence-post just out of view of our home.

After tea, we thought we'd go and see how our little companion was getting along. Lo and behold! What do you think we found fastened to the fence-post? A great big ugly snake!

Can the little readers of the WAYSIDE tell how the snake got into this unexpected predicament? S. S.

"Wasps, Social and Solitary" is the title of a new book by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham. John Burroughs who writes the introduction, says that it is a "wonderful record of patient, exact, and loving observation which has all the interest of a romance." Part of the material has been published before, but this has been revised and enlarged. The manner in which the results of these two observers has been recorded makes the book interesting to all nature lovers, old and young. Readers of BY THE WAYSIDE will be especially interested to know that Mrs. Peckham was formerly editor of this paper. The book will be found in one of the Audubon circulating libraries.

[We wish to correct a mistake made in the December number of BY THE WAYSIDE. The words "of *Bird Lore*", page forty-two second column were put in inadvertently.—EDITOR.]

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year.

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.**The Literature of Nature Study.**

Continued from last month.

For identifying flowers, learning of their range, time of bloom and now and then an interesting bit of information about their place in literature, there is nothing better than Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," or Schuyler Mathew's "Field-book of American Wild Flowers." The latter is a most convenient and enjoyable field companion, in handy size, with colored or good black and white plates and fine brief descriptions.

Another book that I must mention in connection with plant study is "First Studies of Plant Life" by Atkinson. This little book has an introduction by Mrs. Anna B. Comstock, and contains many a good simple experiment that may be performed by children.

Another book of Professor Atkinson's that deserves a place in a nature-study list is "Mushrooms, Poisonous, Edible, Etc."

These are some books that are good for every day use, when a teacher knows what the outdoor world will furnish for each season's work, and where she can find the real things she wants to use; and then must add to the knowledge constantly gained through her own senses, by turning to the pages of those who have specialized along the several lines that she must keep in view.

These books are for the teachers who

have determination to overcome the mistakes in their own training, good enough sense to know that what they themselves are most interested in and know most about will be the things that will appeal to the children with whom they spend their days; and a teacher's genuine love for God's work from the stars above to the rocks embedded in the earth, is always reflected in her pupils.

There may be other books, a good many of them, that will help those who are ready for them, but a few good books will go a long way if we find those that are suited to every-day needs; and we learn to turn to them as we would ask the advice of a human friend.

This leads me to mention some things that we should consider in putting nature books into the hands of children. Some rather grave mistakes have been made in the choice of these books for juvenile readers. Sometimes the reading matter is of such weak, meaningless character that we insult the intelligence of children when we offer it. All children love flowers, trees, squirrels, butterflies, but they are not benefitted in any way by reading about them the facts that they already know or can find out in a better way from the living things themselves; nor are they instructed nor entertained by such statements as, "The big leaves are blankets for the baby ones. The baby buds are in the cradles. I am Mr. Woodpecker. See my red head and my black and white coat."

The reading matter about plants and animals may be too difficult for children, as they are not ready to deal with parts of flowers and insects and the uses of the parts, at least not through reading of them. Sometimes the mistake is made of having children read about natural objects and phenomena which are remote

from them in distance and foreign to their own experiences, while their immediate surroundings are left untouched. An inland child can hardly profit much through reading lessons about the life found on the sea coast.

Some more nature study literature that deserves our consideration for its up-to-date character is that found in a number of our magazines. One might have thought that last spring our standard magazines were most of them vying with each other to present the most attractive articles on nature, so many were the good things on trees, birds and flowers. Heading the list of nature study magazines is *Nature Study Review*, which came out the first of this year. It has a long list of able contributors and promises to grow constantly more practical and useful to the work done in elementary schools. A fifty-cent magazine for children, called *Boys and Girls* is published at Ithaca, N. Y. *St. Nicholas* magazine has a nature study department ably conducted by E. F. Bigelow. A monthly publication devoted to plant study is *Plant World*. It is the official organ of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America. A good bird magazine is *American Ornithology*, and another well known in this part of the country is *Birds and Nature* published in Chicago. Then we have our little Wisconsin publication, *BY THE WAYSIDE*.

Many helpful bulletins are issued by the Agricultural Department at Washington, a number of which may be obtained without cost by applying to the Secretary of Agriculture. Some of these are "The Usefulness of the American Toad," "Weeds Used in Medicine," "The Care of School Grounds," and "The Fruit Garden."

Nature study literature is not all for information, or at least there is a large

field of literature that may be of great help in this work through the inspiration it lends and the recreation it affords. Turn to the words of those who know nature best through intimate association with her. Read Thoreau's account of his life in the woods, and Burrough's "A Year in the Fields," with its thoughts for the changing seasons. Live in the delightful pages of William Hamilton Gibson's "Eye Spy" and "Studio Neighbors." Take "A Journey to Nature" with Mowbray, for a story. Become acquainted with the cardinal bird of the south through James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal." Do you know how amusing Elizabeth is in her trials over her "German Garden," and how refreshing in her account of the winter picnic on the Baltic? Read Prof. L. H. Bailey's new book, "The Outlook to Nature" and find out, if you do not already know, how much we need poetry in nature study work—in life.

Find out which poet suits you best for a nature poet. Be sure to test Riley, Sidney Lanier, Frank D. Sherman, Emily Dickinson, as well as Emerson, Wordsworth, Lowell and Bryant.

Choose the best songs on nature; for lower grades try Mrs. Gaynor's "Autumn," "Lady Bug," and "Buttercups," and Neidlinger's "Mr. Frog."

Read all the good animal stories that come your way, not omitting Ernest Thompson Seton's, which are entirely safe for grown people, for they know that the crow is apt to be a stupid bird, and will readily see that brilliant Silverspot represented the combined traits of the brightest crows of the whole tribe.

William J. Long's stories are good for everybody, so are those of Charles D. Roberts in "Kindred of the Wild." David Starr Jordan has edited a little book called "True Tales of Birds and

Beasts" that contains a bright story of some twin baby bears, and another about a seal.

Tell Kipling's "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" to children and you will enjoy their pleasure in hearing it as much as they do the story.

Read Professor W. E. D. Scott's "The Story of a Bird Lover," which enables one to realize that the world has grown steadily more humane in the matter of taking the lives of birds since the days when Prof. Scott, as a very young man, was employed in skinning birds at a salary of \$30 a week, sometimes handling as many as one hundred fifty birds a day.

We can help the girls to know and feel this; we can help the boys to think about it before they want to go forth with guns. One lad had been so influenced by his teacher that when the father bade him shoot the woodpecker in the front yard, he said, "No, I guess not; I promised Mr. Blank I'd be kind of careful about the way I used my gun."

I think we are rather more careful in the way we use our guns in the north than they are in the south, where, they told me, every man and boy, white and black, has a gun. We want our boys to be careful how they use their guns. We must teach all of our children as early as possible to know and protect the birds; the trees and the wild flowers.

Make children feel that their first-hand knowledge is of the right kind so far as it goes. Have a definite purpose in the out-door nature study work. Encourage the pupils to help make nature study literature through their own well-kept note books, their truthful records of what their senses have brought to them. Then show them in the indoor work where to find the things that books will tell them to further their knowledge.

Jennie R. Faddis.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Hairy Woodpecker.

Adult Male.—Upper parts black; a scarlet band on the nape; middle of the back white; wing-feathers and their coverts spotted with white; middle tail-feathers black, outer ones *white*; a white stripe above and another below the eye; under parts white.

Adult Female.—Similar, but without scarlet on the back of the neck.

Length, 9.4 inches.

Range, Eastern United States, from the northern border south to North Carolina.

Nest, generally in a dead tree. **Eggs,** four to six.

This species resembles the Downy Woodpecker in habits, but is less frequently observed out of the woods. Its notes are noticeably louder than the Downy's, and when one is familiar with both there is no difficulty in distinguishing the two by their voices.—*Chapman's Handbook of Birds.*

Letters about the Hairy Woodpecker should be sent to Secretaries by Feb. 1st

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Drummond, Wis., Dec. 18, 1905.

Dear Readers of the Wayside:

The bird I am going to write about is known as the white owl. It was shot by my brother. Measuring from the tip of the tail to the top of the head, it is about

eighteen inches long. Its eyes are very large and have a sharp look. The head is large, and its neck is short. His feathers are very soft and white with black spots here and there. His wings are very large having on the top of them feathers of white and black, and underneath a coat of the softest white feathers that I have ever noticed on any bird. His breast is a coat of the same feathers as described. His legs are not very long, and are coated with a thickness of soft white feathers. On his feet are four claws, which are black and as sharp as a needle. These claws are a help to him in killing other birds upon which he lives. He must have been very tough, as my brother shot him but this only effected him as a wound. When my brother brought him home, he was hurt of course, and had a very sorrowful look, which gave us the impression that he had lost his home. We gave him to a man who went to Cable to have him stuffed and mounted for us. It took at least three weeks to fix him up, and the bird when sent to us was perched upon some sort of toadstool.

Yours respectfully,

Aged 14.

Mabel Luella Berg.

This bird is probably the Snowy Owl which wanders south into the borders of the United States. Our young readers should notice, however, that this bird ought not to be shot, as it is protected by the state law.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Granville, Ill., Dec. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday I saw a hunter that had two Bob Whites. I said, "What have you those for?" He said, "To eat." And I said, "You must not shoot those birds because they eat weed seed," and the hunter said, "I don't care."

The temperature was 30°. That day I saw fifty Chickadees, one Screech Owl, two American Crows, and twenty-five Canada Geese.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Joseph Miller.

Waumandee, Wis., Dec. 6, 1905.

Dear Wayside;

About a week ago we caught a quail. It had a sore leg. We caught it in a brush pile. The quail is grayish-brown color. It has white stripes on each side of its head, its back is gray and brown; its breast is black, brown and white. I took the quail up to the house to show it to my sister; when I took it down to the barn again it sang a little. When I took it down I was going to let it fly but it didn't want to go away. We took it in the barn and kept it there for a little while, then we gave it something to eat. It stayed in the barn about four days and then we let it fly away.

Your friend,
Laura Ochsner.

Necedah, Wis., Oct. 2, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I think I will try to write about the wren. She has a little body and a small tail about an inch long and a half an inch wide. Its legs are about same length as its tail, its toes and claws are about a quarter as long as its legs. It is about as big as a chipping sparrow. Its song is like a ground bird, only different.

If you can find they are on the place, make a bird house four inches square with a hole just the size of a quarter of a dollar. There is no other bird that can chase them out. This spring a bluebird built in one of my bird houses, then the sparrow chased them, then the martin chased the sparrow, then at last the wren got control of the house. Then she left the nest and went to another house and laid an egg and left. It was about as big as a large navy bean and brown and white. Well, she left that nest and raised four young ones in another house. When the birds got quite large she took them in an

old robin's nest. We caught one and examined it; it was brown and gray. Its breast and under parts were lighter than the other places. They are a very nice bird to have around. The wrens have been here for two or three summers.

DeWayne A. Fisher.

Austin Ill..

Dear Wayside:

As the other children are writing you. I am going to write too. I am going to tell a story about a raven.

Once, in a little village, they had a Post Office to which everybody had to go to get their mail. People kept missing it for a long while until finally they came to conclusion that a robber must have been taking it.

So the people appointed a man to hide in the bushes and look for robbers.

Soon a black raven came flying down, reached in with his bill, and took out a letter. On looking further they found a whole nestful of letters covered with leaves. As I fear I am making my letter too long I will close.

Sincerely yours,

Aged 11.

Edna Winch.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

A wood-pecker came around our house and at first I didn't know it. But afterwards I learned the bird. We picked our nuts in autumn and we poured the shells, which had some kernels in on the the road. When the bird came hopping along she picked some up and came into the tree, in front of our house and ate them. I have learned much about the birds since I have been in the Audubon Society.

Aged 12.

Respectfully,

Katie Marding.

Cross Plains, Wis., Nov. 29, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I belong to the Audubon Society, and am fond of birds. Last summer a pair of blue-jays built in our maple tree. We put threads on a limb of the tree and the blue-jays got them and put them in their nest. We strewed bread-crumbs on the ground and the blue-jays ate them. After a few weeks they became very tame and ate out of our hands. The blue-jay is a very pretty bird.

Yours truly,

John Uebersetzig.

Ludington, Wis., Nov. 20, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Sometime ago I saw a wee, tiny little bird, the smallest I had ever seen. It was green, and had a very long bill and I thought it was beautiful. It was a little humming bird. Grandpa had a small patch of tobacco and I used to watch the little bird come and suck the juice from the blossoms of the tobacco. I am eleven years old and am an Audubon boy.

Guy Gilbertson.

Ludington, Wis., Nov. 20, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The Chickadee is a very pretty little bird. It visits us in the winter time. It is a small bird. Its feathers are white and black. Grandpa saw it pick up crumbs and wild wheat seeds near the house. This bird sings a song, *chick-a-dee-dee-dee*.

Aged 8.

May Annie Scott.

Letters are acknowledged from Zeland Jones, Ella Gilbertson, Minnie Rersdorf, Willie Rersdorf, Katie Endres, Sophia

Esser, Hermina Faust, Katie Grosse, Joseph Marking, Mamie Meyer, Angus Stumpf, Engelhest Faust, Anna Adler, Genevieve Blankenheim, John Zanders, Catherine Elber, Anna Witt, Katie Marking, John Buchmayer, Fred Valentine, Adrian Virnig, Joseph Zimmer, Josephine Zander, Jacob Marking, Math Koch, Michael Endres, Elizabeth Geraths, Mary Pope, Margaret Bitner, Walter Brown, Elsie Gesch, Schna Snodgrass, Blanch Schwass, Harold Behn, Rosa Gilbertson, Laura Steinke, Mabel Berg, Inga Stram, Ruth Peterson, Mabel Anderson, Mattie Hanson.

Bird Census.

Granville, Ill., Dec. 30, 1905.

10 a. m. to 3 p. m., Ground covered with snow; cloudy; wind west; temperature 40°. English Sparrow, about 50; Flicker, 2; White-breasted Nuthatch, 5; Canada Geese, 11; American Crows, 5; Red-tailed Hawk, 1.—Carl Anderson, aged 11.

Granville, Ill., Dec. 26, 1905.

Time, 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. Ground partly covered with snow; clear; wind south; temperature 40°. Canada Geese, 2; Slate-colored Junco, 15; White-breasted Nuthatch, 1; Screech Owl, 1; American Crow, 1; English Sparrow, 25; Chickadee, 10; Bob-White, 6.—Alvina Dippel, aged 13.

Observations made by fifth grade pupils, Appleton, Wis., between December 15 and January 1.

Crow, 5; Brown Creeper, 2; Downy Woodpecker, 2; Winter Wren, 1; Blue Jay, 2; Screech Owl, 1; Short-eared Owl, 1; Snow Bunting, 150; Chickadee, 2; Prairie Chicken, 13. Species, 10; individuals, 179.

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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 8.

The Wholesale Milliners Aid Audubon Society.

The wholesale milliners will sell no more song birds, gulls, terns, grebes or aigrettes, after the first of July. This is being done in the face of a steady, though somewhat diminished, demand for this kind of hat-trimming.

It would seem that women, with their pretenses of superiority in humane feeling, would be thoroughly shamed. They might have given up buying the protected birds without the slightest loss to themselves; but, instead, they keep on, callously, until the wholesale milliners, the very men who profit by the wearing of these articles, prohibit their sale.

The following is the agreement entered into between the Millinery Jobbers Association and the National Association of Audubon Societies.

The Millinery Jobbers Association,

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1905.

Wm. Dutcher, President Nat'l Associat'n
Audubon Societies.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Your communication to the writer of this was presented at the convention of our Association held in Louisville, November 9th and 10th. After considerable discussion in which was brought forward the fact that some houses sell aigrettes and others do not, it was finally brought to a focus and the following resolution was adopted by our Association:

Whereas, we realize the Audubon So-

cieties of the United States are engaged in in the laudable work of preserving from destruction and extinction song birds and certain other species, upon high moral grounds, and that largely through their influence many of the states have passed restrictive laws on the subject, and, whereas there is a decided variation among the states in the subject matter of these laws, and their interpretation and administration; therefore, be it resolved by the Millinery Jobbers Association in convention assembled,—

First, that we approve of the prohibition of the sale of song birds, gulls, terns, grebes, herons or any part thereof, including aigrettes, —

Second, that we pledge ourselves, collectively and individually, not to buy the aforementioned after January 1st, sell or offer for sale any of these articles after July 1, 1906.

We trust that this endorsement of the Audubon Society will suffice to show you that we morally support you, and it will be my duty and pleasure to insist upon carrying out to the letter of this agreement as far as our Association is concerned. Beyond this, however, we should have your support in insisting to the large retailer, which is the department stores, that they refrain from the sale of these articles and give their moral support the same as we have done, otherwise our efforts are at nought and they will continually tempt the jobber to handle the article, and be the means of

NATURAL
HISTORY

finding some weakling who will yield to their demands.

Hoping to receive a few lines from you on the subject, I am,

Respectfully yours,

The Millinery Jobbers Association,
Frederock Bobe, President.

With this example before them, it certainly behooves all, who in thoughtless ignorance have been wearing objectionable feathers, to make atonement, not merely by making no further efforts to secure these trimmings but by using their influence with any young people in their charge, so that, in the future, the ever dangerous demand for the plumage of our most beautiful and useful birds may cease.

J. T. G.

My Bird Visitor.

I had just finished breakfast last Sunday morning when the cook came to me in a great excitement.

"There's a bird in the kitchen," she announced.

"A sparrow?" I asked.

"No, a big bird."

On the top of the ice box, just inside of the open back door I found a pigeon sitting serenely.

Our apartment is on the sixth floor and outside of the kitchen there is a narrow iron balcony which he may have mistaken for the landing of a pigeon-cot. He greeted me with a single deep note, quite unlike the usual conversational "Look-at-a-c-oo, look-at-a-c-oo," of his kind. I had recognized him immediately as a homing pigeon by the white wattle over the base of his bill, and the little circle of reddish brown, crinkled skin about each eye. This, however, did not mean that he was anything unusual,

for many homers are raised for the market. Just then he straightened up to get a better look at me and I caught sight of a metal ring around his leg. I shut the door hastily; I was going to see more of this professional traveler.

A neighbor of mine, who understands pigeons and how they should be handled caught this one with little difficulty. By feeling its crop, he was able to tell that it was hungry, so I got some bread and a glass of water and the bird ate and drank while being held.

We had already examined the ring on its leg. On this was stamped: "CA 03* 7072.*" The "CA" we could not interpret. Perhaps "03" was the year when he was hatched or made his first flight, "7073" was no doubt his registered number.

We decided that the easiest way to find out about him would be to send him off with a message. Usually the message is made into a little roll and tied under the tail, but we thought that ours would escape notice unless it could be readily seen, so we pasted it flat to the top of his middle tail feather.

On account of some unavoidable delays he was kept in three hours, but, as he seemed tired when he came, perhaps he would have staid that long anyway.

He was a fine, vigorous looking bird, bluish in color, a good deal mottled with black on his back and wing coverts, and with handsome metallic reflections on his neck.

I have never myself had the opportunity to observe, but I have been told that the head of the homer pigeon is much longer, from the beak backward, than the heads of other pigeons, and here the homing instinct is supposed to be located; but all this really goes a very short way

towards explaining the homing instinct. All animals possess it to a certain degree, and even some people appear to have slight traces of it in what we call a strong sense of locality. It must be very pronounced in migratory birds, but it seems to culminate in the homing pigeon, and it is man in this case, who is responsible for its remarkable development. He has made the homing pigeon what it is through artificial selection. But as often happens he is working with a force he knows nothing about. It seems impossible that we should ever know how these little creatures are able to fly at a tremendous rate of speed, sometimes hundreds of miles, over a country they have never seen before, back to their homes.

J. T. G.

The American Woodcock.

On a warm, wet day in the spring of 1905 my brothers and I went out for a little search in the boggy places along the Illinois River, north of Henry, for the American Woodcock which is so fast becoming extinct. None of us had ever seen the Woodcock although we had heard of it and had read a great deal about its ways of searching for food. One way is by drilling many holes in the ground, and beating on the surface with his wings; then he waits for the worms he feeds on to come out, and then the performance is repeated until his appetite is satisfied.

The nest and eggs of the Woodcock are difficult to find as they are very near the color of the dead leaves and bushes around them. When approached the Woodcock lies close to the ground holding its long bill as near its breast as possible in order to conceal it. When finished it will flutter a short distance with

a whirring, whistling sound of the wings, but it can be approached again as before.

The eggs are shaped somewhat like those of a Killdeer and are a brownish color.

Spencer Stansell.

The following letter received by the Editor will interest many bird lovers. An explanation of the phenomenon has kindly been furnished by Mr. O. B. Zimmerman.

"Something so unusual happened here January 3rd, that I wondered if it occurred anywhere else and what the explanation is. You remember that the day was heavy, almost foggy. About 9 o'clock we first noticed this. From every side came soft, sweet bird calls almost as thrilling as bluebirds' calls. Although it seemed as if there must be very many birds, not one could be seen; so I do not know what they were. Were they flying or perched? I could not tell. How long their concert lasted I do not know, but they were keeping it up at 10 o'clock. Perhaps the warm air made them dream of summer, and they were talking about it in their sleep."

"Undoubtedly the incident was something as follows: We have occasional visits from great hordes of Snow Buntings, Lapland Longspurs and Red Poll Linnets during our winters. No doubt the birds mentioned were either the first or the last of these. The day and night being foggy, these birds feared to come down. We frequently have this same phenomenon in the spring. The birds circle about for some time, sometimes hours, and not more than a few blocks away from starting point. I believe you would find some interesting information on this point in "*The Auk*," a periodical devoted to Ornithology."

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Winter Picnics.

"A picnic! Why, you must be crazy!" was the exclamation of more than one of our friends as we sallied forth on a bright cold day in November, well provided with eatables and the necessary tools, to lunch down river. Our October excursions had been looked upon as rather unusual, to be sure, but yet perfectly proper and sane. But in November! who ever heard of such a thing in Wisconsin? Therefore we must be very peculiar individuals, to put it mildly.

But why not? Do we love our friends only in the pleasant days, to forget them when trials come? It is easy to seek Nature in spring; even the business man and the housekeeper, engrossed in the cares of the world and of men, turn to Mother Nature then. But the ardent over of the out-of-doors does not forget her ever, and finds her as stimulating, as quieting to tired nerves and anxious mind in winter as in summer,—her changing aspects a never-ending source of pleasure. To watch a year through, one must not give up rambles when frost comes. And so we resolved to meet Dame Nature socially, as it were, at least once a week throughout the year.

Things to eat are not absolutely necessary for a long tramp; but they add something to the pleasure of it when they are accompanied by a bon-fire,—a big, roaring fire of old twigs and drift wood, a fire to warm oneself by as well as to make the pot boil. One can then with safety

stop walking to rest a bit without danger of catching cold. And if we sometimes got wet feet or burned fingers, what mattered it?

We did not insist on walking the entire distance on our excursions,—we were not above taking the trolley-car, and once we condescended to accept a farmer's invitation to ride on his bob-sleds—just so we got out of doors for a few hours.

What did we find? Why, nothing in particular,—sometimes a bird or a cocoon or a deserted nest. Yes, some things we were always sure of finding, fresh bracing air, tired muscles, big appetites, and a saner and more optimistic view of life. Is it not worth something to have the cobwebs brushed out of the mind? These things we found, and we could afford to listen complacently to the remarks of our friends.

R. M.

The following estimate, copied from "Country Life in America" was made by the United States Department of Agriculture and represents the annual loss to our farming products through the attacks of insects. Any decrease of the birds, who destroy millions of these dangerous pests each season, would cause a greater loss to the farmer.

YEARLY LOSS CAUSED BY INSECTS.

Products	Annual Value	Per Cent.	Amount of Loss
Cereals.....	\$2,000,000,000	10	\$200,000,000
Hay.....	530,000,000	10	53,000,000
Cotton.....	600,000,000	10	6,000,000
Tobacco.....	53,000,000	10	5,300,000
Truck crops.....	265,000,000	20	53,000,000
Sugars.....	50,000,000	10	5,000,000
Fruits.....	135,000,000	20	27,000,000
Farm forests.....	110,000,000	10	11,000,000
Miscellaneous crops	58,000,000	10	5,800,000
Animal products	1,750,000,000	10	175,000,000
Total.....	\$5,551,000,000		\$595,100,000
Natural forests and forest products			100,000,000
Products in storage.....			100,000,000
Grand total.....			\$795,100,000

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The Chickadee.

Length.—5 to 5.5 inches. About an inch smaller than the English Sparrow.

Male and Female.—Not crested. Crown, nape and throat black. Above gray, slightly tinged with brown. A white space, beginning at base of bill, extends backwards, widening over cheeks and upper part of breast, forming a sort of collar that almost surrounds the neck. Underneath dirty white, with pale, rusty-brown wash on sides; wings and tail gray, with white edgings. Plumage downy.

Range.—Eastern North America. North of the Carolinas to Labrador.

No "fair weather friend" is the jolly little chickadee. In the depth of the autumn equinoctial storm it returns to the tops of the trees close by the house, where through sunshine, snow and tempest during the entire winter you may hear its cheery, irrepressible "chickadee-dee-dee-dee" or "day-day-day" as it swings around the dangling cones of the evergreens. * * * It serves a more utilitarian purpose, however, than bracing faint-hearted spirits: "There is no bird that compares with it in destroying the female canker-worm moths and their eggs," writes a well-known entomologist.

He calculates, that as a chickadee destroys about 5,500 in a day, it will eat 138,750 eggs in the twenty-five days it takes the canker-worm moth to crawl up the trees. The moral that it pays to attract chickadees about your home by feeding them in winter, is obvious. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, in her delightful and helpful book "Bird-craft," tells us how she makes a sort of bird-hash of finely-minced raw meat, waste canary-seed, buckwheat, and cracked oats, which she scatters in a sheltered spot for all the winter birds. * * *

Friendly as the chickadee is—and Dr. Abbott declares it the tamest bird we have—it prefers well-timbered districts, especially where there are red-bud trees, when it is time to nest. It is very often clever enough to leave the labor of hollowing out a nest in the tree-trunk to the woodpecker or nuthatch, whose old homes it readily appropriates; or, when these birds object, a knot-hole or a hollow fence-rail answers every purpose. Here in the summer woods, when family cares beset it, a plaintive, minor whistle replaces the "chickadee-dee-dee" that Thoreau likens to "silver tinkling" as he heard it on a frosty morning.—*Bird Neighbors, Neltje Blanchan.*

Letter about the chickadee should be sent to the secretaries by the first of March.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Florid, Ill., Feb. 1, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

Since we have been having winter weather and the ground is covered with sleet and snow, there has been quite a flock of birds from farther north visiting us. I saw about one hundred and fifty slate-colored juncos and a few tree spar-

rows. I am feeding them some cane seed of which they seem very fond.

We have also been visited by a flock of titmice and a pair of hairy woodpeckers. I think they are hunting insects around old apple and pine trees as they won't come near my cane seed.

I used to see a big flock of bob-whites this fall, but they were either driven away or killed, as I saw a man shoot at them.

There is a screech owl in our barn which I have seen catching sparrows several times in the evening.

Yours truly,

Aged 14.

Robert Weber.

Granville, Ill., Feb. 1, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I have joined the Audubon society and thought I would write to you. My brother wrote to you and had his letter printed, so I thought I would try, too.

My brother and I were going to our neighbors; we saw a robin hopping in the grass. We went closer to it and we saw that some one had shot through its wing. We took it home and bound the wing up, but it did not live.

One day my sister and I were outdoors and we heard the bluejays calling for help. We went to see what was the matter, and we saw our cat had a young bluejay in its mouth. We whipped the cat and made it let go of the blue jay. The bird was dead. The cat did not try to catch any more birds.

Yours truly,

Aged 9.

Bertha Anderson.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

Two or three years ago, when we lived in the country a pair of hairy wood-

peckers built in our orchard. The nest was in an old cherry tree. I went to look at it every day. By and by when the little birds came we watched the mother feed them. She did not seem a bit afraid and would feed them while we were watching, but the father would not come near. When the birds got larger they made such a noise that you could hardly go near them. I often put pieces of bread beside the tree and it was always gone when I went the next time. One day I went and found them gone. They had flown.

Aged 13.

Juanita Reade,

Treas. Maywood Audubon Society.

Drummond, Wis., Dec. 14, 1905.

Dear friend:

Once I was out in a field and saw a bird. This bird's name was Robin. I watched it for a long time. Soon I saw it gathering mud and it started to build its nest. After it had made its nest. I went over and peeked in it; there were four greenish eggs. When I went up to the nest, the two robins chirped and sang and were so angry because I went up to them. About two weeks after I went over to the nest and there were four little baby birds in it. I did not touch them because if I had they would have died.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Emil Mickelson.

Ludington, Wis., Nov. 20, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

Last summer I saw a large flock of canary birds. They came near the house. They are such lovely singers. My sister Ella and I took an old bird cage out and hung it on a post. We thought they would come and fly in the cage, so we could tame them. But not

one of them came in our cage. The little wild canary bird is bright yellow, with black wings and a small black spot on his head. I have belonged to the Audubon Society three years next spring. I am nine years old.

Rosa Louise Gilbertson.

These little birds should be called goldfinches or thistle-birds.—ED.

Cross Plains, Wis., Jan. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One day I saw an owl in a tree near our house. It was white and it had brown spots. I often heard them scream; they say "hu, hu." I hear them nearly every night. They catch mice, frogs and little insects and other animals. The one I saw was quite large. I guess it was an old one. Owls can see better at night than in day time with their big eyes. At night they go out to get their food. They build their nests in hollow trees with leaves and dry grass.

Yours sincerely,

Lizzie Geraths.

Cross Plains, Wis., Jan. 27, 1906.

The woodpecker is a beautiful bird. Its feathers are very beautiful. It pecks at the wood of the trees. Some times we can hear the noise when it pecks. It likes to eat corn. Its tail is long and its bill is very long too.

Now I will write you a pretty little story about a woodpecker. One day last winter when Mamma went out to get a pail of water she saw a woodpecker hopping about in the snow. Mamma was surprised when she saw the poor little thing and she took it into the house. We gave him some bread crumbs and some warm water to drink.

After a few days the little woodpecker died.

Yours sincerely,

Maggie Vosen.

Cross Plains, Jan. 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The chicken hawk is a very cruel bird. He eats little chickens or kills them. There are many chicken hawks around our place. Last summer my father and I were walking in the yard and a chicken hawk flew down on a little chicken and my father killed him. The chicken hawks are about eighteen inches long. When a mother hen sees a chicken hawk she calls her little ones under her wings and they usually come.

Yours sincerely,

Aged 12.

Josephine Zander.

The first school branch society in Wisconsin for 1906 has been organized by Mrs. Iva Stauffacher among the second grade children of Ladysmith with an enrollment of thirty-two.

"Bird Guide" by C. A. Reed, published by the author at Worcester, Mass., is a very helpful little book for beginners in bird study. Part II contains the birds east of the Rockies. Each bird is given a short description which is accompanied by a picture in color. The small size and convenient shape of the book make it especially useful as a field guide.

Letters have been received from Jessie Huff, Harold Behn, Blanch Schwass, Arthur Polkow, Jas. Ingelis, E. Rochette, Willie Hansel, Mary Bodman, Margaret Ritner, Bernice DeGraff, Hazel Simons, Rita Port, Harold Behn, Blanch Schwass, Walter Brown, Arthur Polkow, Elsie Gesch, Joseph Miller, Minnie Munnis, Carl Anderson, Henry Hanson, Bennie James, Lizzie James, Henry James, Angela Saeman, John Uebersetzig, Katie Marking, Lucy Uebersetzig, Mary Bodman, Duncan Lawrence.

**Bird List for 1905 of Dr. Henry Abraham,
Appleton, Wis.**

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Robin | 44. Night Hawk |
| 2. Meadow Lark | 45. Hummingbird |
| 3. Bluebird | 46. Cedar Waxwing |
| 4. Song Sparrow | 47. Rose-breasted Grosbeak |
| 5. Bronzed Grackle | 48. Wood Thrush |
| 6. Red-winged Blackbird | 49. White-eyed Vireo |
| 7. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker | 50. Yellow-breasted Vireo |
| 8. Cowbird | 51. Catbird |
| 9. Phoebe | 52. Kingfisher |
| 10. Brown Creeper | 53. Common Tern |
| 11. Vesper Sparrow | 54. Black Tern |
| 12. Flicker | 55. Barn Swallow |
| 13. Ruby-crowned Kinglet | 56. Yellow Warbler |
| 14. Bank Swallow | 57. Spotted Sandpiper |
| 15. Golden-crowned Kinglet | 58. Crane |
| 16. Mourning Dove | 59. Brown Thrasher |
| 17. Myrtle Warbler | 60. Chickadee |
| 18. White-throated Sparrow | 61. Indigo Bunting |
| 19. Chipping Sparrow | 62. Fox Sparrow |
| 20. Loon | 63. Blackburnian Warbler |
| 21. Sparrow Hawk | 64. Chimney Swift |
| 22. Killdeer | 65. Wilson's Thrush |
| 23. Logger-head Shrike | 66. Bay-breasted Warbler |
| 24. Downy Woodpecker | 67. Magnolia Warbler |
| 25. Ruffed Grouse | 68. Pine Warbler |
| 26. Junco | 69. Prothonotary Warbler |
| 27. Herring Gull | 70. Great-crested Flycatcher |
| 28. Marsh Hawk | 71. Hermit Thrush |
| 29. Baltimore Oriole | 72. Cerulean Warbler |
| 30. Red-headed Woodpecker | 73. Orchard Oriole |
| 31. Oven Bird | 74. Prairie Horned Lark |
| 32. Black and White Warbler | 75. Hairy Woodpecker |
| 33. Wood Pewee | 76. Crow |
| 34. Towhee | 77. White-breasted Nuthatch |
| 35. Kingbird | 78. Snow Bunting |
| 36. Bobolink | 79. Palm Warbler |
| 37. House Wren | 80. Parula Warbler |
| 38. Redstart | 81. Black-throated Blue Warbler |
| 39. Goldfinch | 82. Mallard Duck |
| 40. American Coot | 83. American Bittern |
| 41. Yellow-throated Vireo | 84. Red-shouldered Hawk |
| 42. Black-throated Green Warbler | 85. Yellow-billed Cuckoo |
| 43. Scarlet Tanager | 86. Blue Jay |
| | 87. White-crowned Sparrow |
| | 88. Cliff Swallow |
| | 89. Field Sparrow |
| | 90. Savanna Sparrow |

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By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

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No. 9.

The Audubon Society.

Twenty years ago an editorial appeared in *Forest and Stream* which led to the organization of the first Audubon Society, of which the present national society is the successor. It proposed the formation of an association for the protection of wild birds and their eggs, a society to be named for John Audubon "who did more to teach Americans about birds of their own land than any other man who ever lived." The society attracted the attention of such men as Henry Ward Beecher and John G. Whittier. Before the year was over it had a membership of 16,000 and was incorporated. There were over three hundred local secretaries in different parts of the world. The next year the Audubon Magazine was started.

But in 1888 a decline set in. The tide of bird protection rapidly ebbed. Fashion decreed feathers, and the press gave little help to the cause. Much of the good work done by the society seemed to have been lost. Matters went from bad to worse, until in 1895 the association practically ceased to exist. This seems to have been due partly to lack of proper organization, partly to the enormous task before it.

But in 1896 the movement was revived in the establishment of a system of state Audubon societies. The first was in Massachusetts. The Wisconsin and Illinois societies were formed in 1897.

There are now organizations in nearly every state and territory. Many are in a very prosperous condition; some are incorporated. "The Society of North Carolina is unique in that it acts in that state as a Game Commission with power of appointing bird- and game-wardens who can arrest violators of game-laws."

Lack of proper and uniform laws was felt to be the first great need of the cause, and efforts were at once directed toward securing the adoption of a model law all over the country. This law is now in force in about thirty states and territories.

In 1900, through the efforts of Mr. A. H. Thayer, a generous sum of money was raised for the protection of the Gulls and Terns, against the attacks of Fashion. This sum has been added to from year to year, and now the society is able to employ thirty-four wardens, who are stationed chiefly along the seaboard.

The last important step in organization was taken in 1900. A meeting in Cambridge, Mass., led to the federation of the state societies with the National Association in order to strengthen the societies for more effective work. Each state society retains its own individuality; it appoints one member of the National Committee of the Audubon Societies of America. This committee meets once a year. Its president is William Dutcher. It is carrying on the work of organization, it aims to further legislation for bird protection, and is a strong influence

NATURAL
HISTORY

in the warden system. It has been largely instrumental in securing some bird reservations. It is doing an important educational work through the publication of a series of illustrated leaflets, which may be obtained by anyone through the local state secretary. During the past year the National Society has been incorporated. It has about six hundred members with receipts last year of about \$12,500. The outlook is encouraging, but the task it has set itself is enormous. More members and more funds are greatly needed.

The official organ, *Bird-Lore*, edited by Frank Chapman, gives in each issue an account of the work of the National and state societies.

Illinois Plans Game Preserve.

Illinois soon may be able to boast of the most extensive game preserve in the United States. State Game Warden J. A. Wheeler has leased a farm of 150 acres in Sangamon county and expects to add to this tract as rapidly as possible until several thousand acres are secured. He will surround the tract with a woven wire fence and turn loose thousands of quail, prairie chickens, and wild turkeys.

This preserve will be the headquarters from which all the game birds now being secured from the southern states will be distributed to the various counties of the state. L. L. Hudson, a deputy, has returned from the south, where he purchased 25,000 quail. Several thousand pheasants also have been secured and will arrive later. The birds to be kept in the preserve for breeding purposes will have their wings clipped so they cannot escape, and proper driveways and nettings will be arranged so that the birds can be rounded up when wanted.

It is planned to raise 5,000 to 10,000 young birds each year, and these will be distributed in the various counties where the population of the feathered tribe is smallest. By the proposed plan of restocking each county it is proposed to bring the number of birds up to that of twenty-five years ago, before wanton slaughter and lack of care resulted in the almost complete extinction of various breeds.

A Pet Robin.

Mrs. John Lord, of Oshkosh, has a very unusual pet, a robin, which she tamed three years ago. A correspondent of the *WAYSIDE* called upon Pete a short time ago, and sends us the following very interesting account of his robinship.

"He is certainly a pretty, healthy looking bird. The coloring of his breast and back is much richer than that of the wild robins.

"Mrs. Lord left us in the sitting-room while she went into the kitchen and opened Pete's cage. For a minute or two he acted like a wild thing, flying by us into the parlor and back into the kitchen, and then into the parlor again. I thought perhaps he was afraid of us, but I guess he was just enjoying his freedom, for he soon acted as tame as could be. He would walk all around us and turn his head first to one side and then the other as if he knew he was being admired and deserved to be. He perched upon the rocker of my chair for awhile and stayed there while I rocked. Mrs. Lord has taught him to speak for his food, but he positively refused to show off before company. He will also sing very sweetly and softly when Miss Lord plays the piano. He eats almost everything. He is very fond of milk, peanuts,

cooked meat and butter. In the spring and summer he likes to pick at fresh earth with the little rootlets left in, but in winter he gets along with sand. His standard food, though, is a kind of bird seed, hemp, I think.

"Mrs. Lord said that the wild robins are not at all afraid of the family. They seem to know that they are good to Pete and so will do no harm to them. She said that one cold morning last spring she saw about six robins on the window sill outside of the window where Pete's cage hung, and they certainly would have come in if she had opened the window for them."

The power to use the senses to their full capacity, clearly, sensitively, penetratingly, does not come by nature. It is the fruit of an attentive habit of veracious perception. Such a habit is the result of instruction applied to the opening of blind eyes and the unsealing of deaf ears. The academic studies which have most influence in this direction are those which deal principally with objective facts, such as nature-study, language, number, drawing and music.

—Henry Van Dyke.

At last I fell asleep on the grass and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, squirrels running up the tree, and some woodpeckers laughing, and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw; and I did not care one penny how any of the birds or beasts had been formed. *From Charles Darwin's Letters to His Wife.*

The Louisiana courts have decided that the state law prohibiting the use of bird feathers for millinery is constitutional. A test case was carried through by the state Audubon society.

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An Example of Constancy.

A pair of phoebe birds built their nest under the roof of our front porch on the homestead farm. Our coming and going did not seem to disturb them in the least. They lived there very happily until their brood of little ones was hatched. One night a cruel cat climbed the post, tore down the nest and killed both the mother bird and the little ones. The small widower was disconsolate, and inconsolable and mourned his loved and lost family, not only through the remainder of that summer, but during the following *five* summers. For a phoebe came each summer alone to the porch and would call at intervals during the entire season, and we never saw, in all that time, a mate. In the spring of the sixth year, he returned with a new wife, and with much persuasion and coaxing, tried to induce her to build the new home in the same place. She, evidently shyer than his first mate had been, or distrustful of old memories, refused firmly to settle there with him, but built their nest and established their new home under the eaves of the horse barn, at some little distance from the house, where they lived in peace and safety for several years. They were there when we left the town. Every fall, before leaving for the south, Mr. Phoebe with his grown-up family would return to bid farewell to the scene of his early joys and sorrows, and every spring, the intervals of waiting for his new mate was partly spent in the same spot calling his greeting as of yore.

The above account was told me by a lady living on a farm near our city.

E. S. G.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

Evergreens

[The following account has been adapted from an article by Anna Botsford Comstock in *The Nature Study Review* for January, 1906.]

TABLE FOR DETERMINING OUR COMMON CONE-BEARING TREES.

A. Leaves drop off in winter.	Larch.
AA. Leaves remain on trees all winter.	
B. Leaves in bundles enclosed in a short sheath at bottom.	Pines.
BB. Leaves opposite or in whorls.	
C. Spray flat.	Arbor-vitæ or White cedar.
CC. Spray four sided.	Red cedar.
BBB. Leaves alternate scattered along the stem.	
C. Winter buds covered with resin, leaves flat.	Fir.
CC. Winter buds not resinous.	
D. Leaves four sided.	Spruce.
DD. Leaves flat.	
E. Whitish beneath, short, flat, blunt.	Hemlock.
EE. Leaves lighter green underneath, longer, pointed.	A low shrub.
	Yew or Ground Hemlock.

The Larch or Tamarack.—Our native species seems to thrive in the high, cold swamps. It has many long, tough, fibrous roots which especially fit it for such ground. The larch spray is beautiful, as the leaves are attached in whorls to little knobs along the side of a branch.

Pines—These trees require at least two seasons for maturing their cones, differing in this respect from other evergreens. There are nine very common native species in Eastern United States. They are the Labrador or gray; the Canadian or red; the white; the pitch or torch; the Jersey scrub; the table-mountain or hickory; the spruce or yellow pine of the East; the long-leaved or Georgia; and the loblolly or old-field. The white pine is the most graceful and beautiful of our pine trees; its long, fine, grayish-green needles are arranged five in a sheath; its cones are long and slender and are borne near the ends of the branches. The red pine often reaches the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The leaves are arranged two in a sheath; the cones are on or near the tips of the branches.

The Cedars—The Arbor-vitæ is a common hedge tree, and its flat foliage is very beautiful. The twigs of the red cedar and the surrounding leaves are not flattened. There are two kinds of leaves, green over-lapping ones, and pointed needle-shaped leaves. The fruit is a berry.

The Balsam Fir—This is the only native fir common in northern United States. The branches are very fragrant; the top rises in a graceful spire. It is distinguished from the spruces by the leaves, which are flat and thin, and very blunt.

The Spruces—There are three species, the white, the black and the red. The cones hang down instead of standing up.

Hemlock—There are but two species in Eastern United States. The hemlock, during its youth and middle age, is the most graceful of all evergreens, and in its old age the most picturesque. Ground hemlock is a low straggling shrub with foliage resembling the hemlock; but it is a yew and its fruit is a red berry.

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Bluebird.

Adult Male.—Upper parts, wings, and tail bright blue, tipped with rusty in the fall; throat, breast, and sides dull cinnamon-rufous. belly white. **Adult Female.**—Upper parts with a grayish tinge; throat, breast and sides paler. **Length,** 7.01 inches.

Range.—United States; breeds from the Gulf States to Manitoba and Nova Scotia; winters from southern Illinois and southern New York southward.

Nest, of grasses, in hollow trees or bird houses. **Eggs,** four to six, bluish white, sometimes plain white.

A bird so familiar as the Bluebird needs no introduction; in fact, he seems so at home in orchards and gardens or about our dwellings that one wonders what he did for a home before the white man came.

In the winter, it is true, bluebirds are great rovers, and one may see them in the southern states whirling through the woods in great flocks or feeding on the berries of the mistletoe. But the month of returning spring reminds them of cozy bird-boxes or hospitable pear or apple

trees, and soon we see them inspecting last summer's home, evidently planning repairs and alterations.

The Bluebird's disposition is typical of all that is sweet and amiable. His song breathes of love; even his fall call—note—*tur-wee, tur-wee*, is soft and gentle. So associated is his voice with the birth and death of the seasons that to me his song is freighted with all the gladness of springtime, while the sad notes of the birds passing southward tell me more plainly than the falling leaves that the year is dying.—Chapman, *Handbook of Birds*.

Letters about the Bluebird should be sent to the secretaries by April 1st.

Wisconsin Prize Letter

Necedah, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The Chickadee is about five inches long, smaller than a sparrow. The throat is black. Above the body is gray, and has a little brown on it. It sings very sweetly; it says "Chickadee-dee-dee-dee;" also "sweet-hearting, sweet-hearting." The Chickadee builds its nest in hollow trees. Chickadees are sometimes called Black Caps, because they have black caps on their heads.

Their nests are built of sticks and rags. They eat worms and insects out from under the bark of the trees. Yesterday when my brother and I were getting wood a Black Cap nearly lit on our horse's heads. When it got there, it fluttered a little, then flew to the trees near by. It is very interesting to watch the Chickadees and learn their actions. They are very pretty.

Yours truly,

Andre M. Fisher.

Aged 11.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Granville Ill. Feb. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside,

As my letter was not published, I thought I would try to do better this month.

Our teacher likes the birds very much and so do I. I will tell you about the birds I have seen. I saw a flock of Chickadees; they were flying along the ground. Chickadees eat insects.

I have seen a robin and heard one. I saw two hawks and there were some crows after one of the hawks. The crows made a great noise. We have the song sparrow; it is one of our greatest singers. I hope my letter will be published this time.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Minnie Munnis.

Drummond, Wis., Feb. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One time last summer another boy and I went hunting. We were walking along and there was a little Chickadee sitting on a bough, swinging in the wind and singing "Chickadee-dee-dee-dee-dee."

The boy said, "Shoot it." And I said, "All right." So I got all ready and then I thought, "Now that poor bird wants to live as well as I do." The boy laughed and made fun of me. But I said, "It is not only for the fun that I want to shoot the bird. That bird has as much right to live as you or I. Think if somebody should shoot you. You would not like it, and if you should shoot that bird maybe you would shoot a mother or father bird that has some young ones somewhere in a nest. The mother and father would feel sorry just the same as our fathers and mothers would feel if we were shot, and besides the bird was not made to shoot or kill. It was made for some use just the same as you or I.

That bird is happy and sings all over the woods until somebody comes along and shoots it."

I don't know whether the bird was shot or not, but I do know that I did not shoot it.

Yours truly,

Aged 14 years.

Fred Wolf.

Eagle River, Wis., Feb. 13, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

Yesterday we boys found a little mouse in the school yard and our teacher said we might tell the Wayside about it. It was eating on a piece of bread which one of the scholars had thrown out of doors. Its back and sides are dark brown, while the under part of its body is light gray. It has a long nose almost like the bill of a bird, with nostrils at the end. On the under side of its nose is its mouth. Its teeth are very sharp and there are two sorts of tusks growing up from the lower jaw. Its eyes are black and very small. Its ears are almost invisible. This little mouse is about an inch and a half long. The tail is about half an inch longer than the body. Its legs are very large for a mouse and have hair about half way down them. Its four paws have five toes each, and each toe contains a sharp claw.

Yours truly,

Henry Marco.

[This may have been the Jumping Mouse which has very long hind legs. The length of the body is three inches, the tail being two inches longer. Is there not a mistake in the measurements given in the letter?]

La Crosse, Wis., Mar. 8, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One day during winter I was walking up the North-Western tracks and saw a bird. Thinking it a sparrow, I did not

take particular notice of it. I walked on a little ways when I heard the clear note "Chickadee-dee-dee." I went back and found the bird I thought to be a sparrow a Chickadee.

The Chickadee is about five inches long. It is black on the top of the neck and throat. Its cheeks and upper part of breast are white. The lower breast is a grayish brown. About two months ago I was going past the library when I noticed a small brown bird on the trunk of a tree. I came quite close to it and found it was a brown creeper. That was the first and last one I saw during fall and winter.

We have over thirty members in our Audubon Society. Each one pays one cent a week dues with which we buy bird books and magazines. We now take *The Wayside* and *Birds and Nature*. I think more of the members will write later on.

Yours truly,
Russell Pope.

Durand, Wis., Feb. 17, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I am longing for spring to come and with it our birds. Most of them are gone except a few, as the woodpeckers, and our old friend, the chickadee. I think it would be very lonesome without them and they don't seem to mind the cold weather at all. We haven't a bird table at school, but we put bread around for them, and they are so tame they will come within a few feet of us to get it.

Yours truly,
Aged 8. Jannette Johnston.

Necedah, Wis., Feb. 24, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The Chickadee is a native of North

America. It is ashy gray on the back and brownish white below. The top of the head and neck are pure black. The Chickadee is a lively little bird and is often seen running over trees and rocks in search of insects. It destroys great numbers of canker worms and other insects every year. In the winter it comes near houses, and if it finds a piece of meat it will keep coming and eating on it until it is gone. It builds its nest in hollows of trees and lays eight or ten eggs covered with brownish red spots. It gets its name from the song it sings which sounds like "Chickadee-dee-dee."

James Pratt.

Drummond, Wis., Feb. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

The merriest bird that flies is the Chickadee. He is nearly always happy, but sometimes he is very saucy, too, but we like him just the same. He can say his name very plainly. He stays with us all the year, summer and winter. The Chickadee builds his nest in a hole in a tree or stump.

The Chickadee does not run away from us like the other birds. You can hear its lively twitter when the snow is deep and the weather is cold. We can see him hopping about hunting for crumbs of food. We should be kind to the Chickadee always because they help to cheer our long cold winters.

Yours truly,
Rose Moe.

Florid, Ill. Feb. 27, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write to you and tell you about the chickadees, I started to feed them in January and have fed them

ever since. I put out suet for them to eat. I put it by the apple tree in front of the window where I can watch them. No birds came to eat for a week or so. On a calm Sunday morning I noticed five little chickadees eating. They would carry little fragments of suet at a time; but I would put out some more suet for them. I supposed the cats would catch them, but they didn't seem to bother them. This morning as I was at school I saw a little chickadee hopping on the hedge looking for food.

Yours truly,
Aged 13 Herman Pletsch.

The Chickadee is about five and a half inches long. It stays with us through the winter. In very cold weather they come near the house. They live most of the time in the woods. They live in decayed trees, where a woodpecker has left his hole.

Yours truly,
Aged 8. Willie Hansen.
Maywood, Ill.

Maywood, Ill., March 1, 1906.
Dear Wayside:

The Chickadee is about five and a half inches long. He stays with us all winter. He did not stay with us this winter because it was not cold enough. He is black, white and yellowish. He calls out his own name. He saves lots of money for the farmers. I have belonged to the Audubon Society for two months.

Yours sincerely,
Aged 11. Blanche Schwass.

Granville Ill. Feb. 26. 1906.
Dear Wayside:

My letter was not published last month so I will try to do better this month. I belong to the Audubon society; I have

been feeding the birds. They have come and eaten it. The birds are coming back from the South now. The robins are here. I have seen the crow and the chickadees. The birds are coming from the South to build their nests for the summer.

One of the birds that sings the sweetest is the song sparrow.

Yours truly,
Aged 11. Mattie Hanson.

Letters have been received from L. A. Steinke, Ruth Peterson, De Wayne Fisher, S. S. Stansell, Nellie Fleming, Arthur P., Mattie Hanson, Henry Hanson, Clara Surrell, Harold Vaellencourt, James Inglis, Henry Kessal, Willie Hansen.

A correspondent from Tonica, Ill., writes us February 27th:

"Our first bluebird and robin was seen here the 23 inst. I also saw a vesper sparrow the 25th. Prairie horned larks are very numerous this spring. My brother saw a red-tailed hawk building over two weeks ago, so you see spring is very early this year."

Cora Gautschy, of Gross Point Illinois, writes that a Junior Audubon Society has been formed of which she is the secretary and Bert Buerger the president. They have met several times. Colors have been chosen for the new society; they are the colors of the oriole.

The Wisconsin Audubon free traveling libraries have had a number of new volumes added and are now ready for the spring work. Any school wishing one may apply to the librarian, Miss Edna S. Edwards, Appleton, Wis.

The article "Illinois Plans Game Preserve" was taken from the *Chicago Tribune*.

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By The Wayside

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PETER.

Our readers will be interested to hear more about the pet robin, Peter, whose story appeared in the March issue. His mistress, Mrs. Ada Lord, of Oshkosh, has kindly written the following complete history for BY THE WAYSIDE.—EDITOR.

Peter is a robin about two and one-half years of age. He was found one fall, either the last of August or the first of September, we are not sure which. When found, he was nearly dead, cuddled up against a stove in the back yard.

We brought him in and, forcing his mouth open, we fed him worms, bread and water, boiled eggs and water. We think when found he was not more than one day out of the nest. In a few days he learned to feed himself. At the age of six weeks he refused to eat worms and has never yet returned to his natural diet.

Until three months of age he would always answer "Pete," when we called him, and if we all were away for a short time he would fly to meet us when we returned and have a great story to tell. Since then he has grown independent and will not answer us.

When young he seemed to think we were all robins and would go to any one, especially men, alighting on their knees, shoulders or head. Now he seems to look a stranger all over before having anything to do with him and then he will not play as with us. He has many cute tricks, eating out of one's mouth,

tearing up papers, and speaking, like a dog.

He is very bright and easily taught. He had a trick of flying onto father's shoulder and pulling his hair and biting his ear; but after repeated scoldings he has learned better. He *will* steal doughnuts and butter off of the table, and when, doing something he knows is forbidden he will say "Wheep, w-h-e-e-p" so mournfully that one thinks he is begging for mercy.

Sunday mornings, if let out before all the members of the family are up he will go and hunt the rest up and sing to them.

He has had several chances to gain his freedom, but either the out-of-doors looks so large or else he does not realize he can go, for he has never gone. Of course we never intentionally gave him a chance to escape.

All winter he sings in a low, far-away voice, never opening his beak; but when spring comes he sings so loudly and so continuously we almost wish he would get away. While this fit of spring is on him, he is cross and will pick your hand as hard as he can and scratch your hand with his feet.

He plainly shows his feelings by his actions. When displeased he holds his feathers close to his body, drags his wings and runs his head forward; when surprised he sticks the feathers on his head up straight; when teasing for anything he drops or spreads his wings and hops about in his cage; when resting he

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SOCIETY

sticks out his feathers all over his body and seems to sink his head way down on his chest.

His food is cheese, fried cakes, butter, cottage cheese, nuts of any kind and meat. He prefers the latter cooked. He will eat raw lemons, but will not eat oranges, peaches or pears. He loves apples, celery, potatoes, raisins, milk and roots; but of all foods, hemp seeds are his staple diet. For medicine we give him West India peppers or horse-radish. In the summer we give him pieces of earth with grass roots in it. All the year around he has sand or dirt of some kind.

He catches all the spiders about the house and sees them so far away. For instance, one day there was a tiny red spider (about the size of a pin head) on the window sill; he saw the tiny thing from across the room and went and got it. He will also eat flies of any description and even mosquitos.

Birds of Putman County, Ill.

List of one hundred and forty birds observed in Putnam County, Illinois, by Sidney S. S. Stansell, Tonica, Ill. The last two were observed in Chicago on Lake Michigan:

Canada Goose	Turkey Vulture
Chickadee	Hermit Thrush
White-breasted Nuthatch	
Cardinal	Bartramian Sandpiper
Am. Rough-legged Hawk	
Red-tailed Hawk	Green Heron
Myrtle Warbler	Slate-colored Junco
Tree Sparrow	Spotted Sandpiper
Am. Robin	Am. White Pelican
Great Horned Owl	Red-shouldered Hawk
English Sparrow	American Osprey
Bob-white	Chimney Swift
Prairie Hen	Kingbird

Pintail Duck	Bank Swallow
Northern Flicker	Catbird
Prairie Horned Lark	Downy Woodpecker
Song Sparrow	Black Tern
Bluebird	Scarlet Tanager
Mourning Dove	Prothonotary Warbler
Bronzed Grackle	Northern Yellowthroat
Wood Pewee	Warbling Vireo
Herring Gull	Nashville Warbler
Ring-necked Duck	Tennessee Warbler
Bald Eagle	Grasshopper Sparrow
Buffle-head Duck	Golden Plover
Green-winged Teal	Night Hawk
Lesser Scaup Duck	Magnolia Warbler
Hooded Merganser	Yellow Warbler
Black and White Warbler	
Hooded Warbler	Worm-eating Warbler
Tree Swallow	Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Red-headed Woodpecker	
Indigo Bunting	Red-winged Blackbird
Great Blue Heron	Bobolink
Wood Duck	Olive-backed Thrush
Kingfisher	Clay-colored Sparrow
Killdeer	Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Baldpate Duck	Cedar Waxwing
Swamp Sparrow	Am. Sparrow Hawk
Am. Goldeneye	Blue-gray Gnatcatcher
Fox Sparrow	Yellow-breasted Chat
Red-bellied Woodpecker	
Ruby-throated Hummingbird	
Golden Eagle	Cliff Swallow
Double-crested Cormorant	
Green-crested Flycatcher	
American Coot	Purple Martin
Field Sparrow	Red-eyed Vireo
Loggerhead Shrike	Black Rail
American Crow	Crested Flycatcher
Blue Jay	Dickcissel
Am. Goldfinch	Palm Warbler
Hairy Woodpecker	Whip-poor-will
Barred Owl	Sora (Rail)
Screech Owl	Cerulean Warbler
Mallard Duck	Baltimore Oriole
House Wren	Traill's Flycatcher

Short-billed Marsh Wren	
Meadow Lark	Black-billed Cuckoo
Brown Creeper	Alder's Flycatcher
Tufted Titmouse	Swainson's Hawk
Towhee	Least Sandpiper
Oven-bird	Pigeon Hawk
Phoebe	Cowbird
White-throated Sparrow	
Brown Thrasher	Northern Shrike
Barn Swallow	Orchard Oriole
Bewick's Wren	Wood Thrush
Cooper's Hawk	Am. Woodcock
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	
Black-throated Blue Warbler	
Golden-crowned Kinglet	
Ruby-crowned Kinglet	
Black-crowned Night Heron	
White-crowned Sparrow	
Vesper Sparrow	Yellow-throated Vireo
Lark Sparrow	Kittiwake
Am. Redstart	Ring-billed Gull

The Antigo Republican has a "Bird Corner" in its weekly issue conducted by "Phoebe Bird." The following extract is taken from a recent article:

March 22, 1906.—When my friend and I decided to take up the study of birds recently, we were told that an Antigo gentleman, whose business took him into the woods much of the time had said that it was no use to try to study birds in the vicinity of Antigo, as he had noticed in his trips through the woods almost an entire absence of birds. However, we were not discouraged and at the close of the summer we knew at sight about sixty, and now, after four years of observation, we know about one hundred and fifteen, and there are still more worlds to conquer; for we know there are others that ought to be found here and we are still hoping to find them.

At first we had no books or glasses, just our good two eyes. I shall never forget the fascination of that first summer's study. Why, one day we flushed a bird from the ground up near the Fair grounds. It was somewhat larger than a robin, with a spotted back and a beautiful bright yellow breast, with a black crescent. We looked and exclaimed at his beauty (it was a "him," for all the males in bird land are the ones who wear the gay clothes), and we surely thought we had discovered a bird of Paradise. We could scarcely wait till we reached town. Going to my friend's husband's place of business we told him in glowing language about our newly discovered bird. One often hears boys tell of feeling like "thirty cents." That is just how we felt when we were informed that our find "was only a meadow lark; any farm boy knows him." We then and there made up our minds to make a success of bird study. We purchased books and glasses and then when we found birds that we did not know we referred to our books and soon learned to analyze them just as one studies a flower.—*Antigo Republican*.

Bird Houses in Chicago Parks.

A recent Chicago paper gives pictures of the first of three hundred bird houses built by children in the elementary school of Chicago University to be placed in suitable locations in Jackson and Washington Parks. The attempt will be made to induce the nightingale, oriole, and other song birds to nest in the city. The houses are painted drab to harmonize with the color of the trunks of the trees. They will accommodate several kinds of birds.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year.

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Nature Study Correlated With Language Work.

"I don't know what to write about," is the common response we receive when we ask children to write a composition. The picture "The Doctor" in our language books is very impressive and full of meaning to an older person, but it conveys very little to the mind of the child. The subject "Coal" is better, but the formation is beyond the child's comprehension and a visit to a coal mine is too often out of his reach.

To supply material for these little minds to act freely and spontaneously, let us leave the cut and dried book work and turn to Mother Nature for our material. What is there more interesting for a child to work with intelligently than the responses of nature? How many courses in our curriculum have this subject for their fundamental basis!

But how can we bring nature in reach of a class in language? A few suggestions to the boys and girls and you can without difficulty secure some of the following material: a caterpillar, cocoon, chrysalis, plant, cornstalk, tadpoles, bouquet of flowers, a handful of earth from the woods, wigglers out of a pool or soft water barrel, leaves, twigs, etc.

A milkweed caterpillar furnished some lively interest for the children last fall. New leaves were furnished every morning, but it was not long before the cater-

pillar made its chrysalis. After ten days or more a beautiful milkweed butterfly emerged from the chrysalis. What a delight it was to the children and how anxious they were to tell about it!

The polyphemus, cecropia, promethea cocoons also furnish interesting subjects for compositions.

Frogs' eggs will be furnished by the boys to supply a dozen rooms. Only a few of these should be kept, however, in the aquarium or shallow pan to develop into tadpoles and frogs.

One boy brought some "little wee tadpoles" as he called them. These were placed in a bottle with water and a little perforated paper put over the top and placed in the window. The little wigglers were soon seen swimming on the top of the water, and the next morning nothing was left on the water but some little transparent boats. We soon discovered the occupants of the boats, half a dozen mosquitoes under the perforated paper.

A large amaryllis blossom in the room worked very favorably in the recognition of the parts of the flower. The large orange-red perianth, the anthers that turn like door-knobs, do not fail to attract the children.

A handful of earth gathered in the woods last fall and put in a flower-pot in February was placed in the sun and carefully watered by the children. They knew that there were some sprouts or seeds in the soil, but it proved far beyond our expectations when we discovered six kinds of plants in the small flower-pot. In the early part of March three of these produced blossoms. These, of course, did not fail to attract the most indifferent observers. The dodder, a parasite, was among the remaining three. This was a

Continued on last page.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois children sending to Miss Juliet Goodrich, 10 Astor St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page) and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Goodrich or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards, Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools, may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Meadowlark.

Adult, both sexes.—General appearance of back and wing coverts mixed black and brownish, each feather being streaked or barred; top of head with median line of buff; outer tail-feathers largely white, inner ones barred; line from bill over eye yellow, bordered above and below by black; sides of throat whitish, middle throat, breast and upper belly bright yellow; large black crescent on breast; sides and lower belly white streaked with black; legs strong, toes long. Length of males from end of bill to tip of tail 9-50 to 11 inches; females, 8 to 10 inches.

Nest—is placed beside a tuft of grass or at the foot of a weed stalk in a natural depression, or one made by the birds in a meadow or prairie; it is built of coarse grasses or weed stalks lined with finer material of the same kind and is usually well hidden by a dome or roof.

Eggs—White, spotted and speckled with brown, purple and lavender. Usual number five, varying from three to seven.

The people whose homes are among the green fields need no one to tell them of the æsthetic value of the meadowlark.

It is claimed that the song of the prairie bird far exceeds in volume and sweetness that of its eastern brother of the meadows, but the wild sweet song of either leaves an impress on the mind of the hearer that can never be effaced. However, the beauty of the meadowlark's plumage and the sweetness of its song are far less important to the human race than its value as an insect destroyer.

It is probable that there are few birds as valuable to the farmer as the meadowlark, as it is entirely terrestrial in its habits, procuring almost its entire food supply from insect life harmful to meadows and prairie lands.—*Dutcher, Audubon Leaflet Number Three.*

Letters about the Meadowlark should be sent to the secretaries by May 1st.

Wisconsin Secretary's Letter.

My dear Wayside Teachers and Children:

This is the time of year to organize school Audubon societies. Do you know how to do it? Well, it is very simple if you are interested in birds. Form a society in your school of those who "will try to cherish and protect wild birds and their nests." Have the members sign this simple statement and send the list to the secretary of the Children's Department. Enrollment blanks will be supplied if you wish them. Most children like to wear a badge, and so we have ordered several hundred wren buttons, which the secretary will supply at two cents each. Two hundred and eighty-two thousand eighty-eight Wisconsin children have already enrolled in the eight years that there has been an Audubon society in the state. To be a full-fledged society, each school branch is expected to sub-

scribe for a copy of BY THE WAYSIDE, so that the secretary can reach you all through your own paper. Then you are ready to begin. See how many birds you can identify, how many new ones you can see this year, and what you can find out about their habits and usefulness to man. Each new society formed is given a notice in the WAYSIDE and the best letters from the boys and girls are printed.

Who will organize a bird society this spring?

Yours sincerely,
Ruth Marshall.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

La Crosse, Wis., April 4, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

While I was looking for birds Monday night after school, I saw a bird which I thought was a female blue bird, but I was not sure of it. I walked out on to the bluffs and I noticed on a fence post the bird I wanted to see most. It was a male blue bird.

The bluebird is about seven inches long. The back is a very beautiful blue, while the breast is a chestnut fading into dirty white. The blue bird often builds its nest in an old woodpecker's hole or in most any orchard.

One of our neighbors had a Ruffed Grouse in a cage for two days. The poor thing tried so hard to get out that the tuft on his head was almost worn away. When I heard about the birds I telephoned to the man and asked him what he was going to do with him, as it is against the law to kill them. He said he thought he would let it go in a few days. I asked him if I couldn't take it out to the bluffs after school and let it go, and he let me.

I carried it out in a basket and then put it on the ground. It lay there so long I thought it was dead, so I poked it a little and it flew so suddenly that it scared me. I hope it got back to where it came from.

Other birds I saw on Monday were the red-headed woodpecker, junco, chipping sparrow and the red-winged blackbird.

We heard many birds singing but they were out in the marsh so we didn't see them.

Yours truly,
Russell Pope.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Gross Point, Ill., March 23, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

One day last summer I was playing in front of the school house when I saw a bird fly into an old pump across the street. It was a bluebird. It had a nest in the pump all summer and then went away. Bluebirds are not very small and not very large. Their backs are the color of the blue summer sky and their breasts are the color of the ground.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Willie Wolf.

The Bluebird.

The bluebird is a beautiful song bird. It is a little more than seven inches long. It is rather common in Wisconsin, and one of the earliest to come in the spring. The male bird is brighter than the female. The eggs are greenish blue and there are usually five or six in one nest. The blue bird builds in hollow trees and boxes.

One day a bluebird visited a hollow tree in our lot. A few days after they built a nest there of grass and a few small twigs. After they were nicely settled,

the wren came, peeped in, and pulled out a piece of grass. He let the grass drop and while it was descending, the wren went round and round it. It looked as if he were sorry and afraid of what he had done and wanted to put the grass back again.

When the bluebird came back the wren was safe in its own house. This happened many times until the bluebirds were discouraged and moved away. It came back now and then to take a peep at the old home which had been so carefully chosen and proved very comfortable until the wren intruded.

Willie Ross,

Appleton, Wis.,
Mar. 23, 1906.

Aged 10.

Cross Plains, Wis., Mar. 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I saw many bluebirds last summer. Some great man said that they carry the sky on their back and the earth on their breast, because their back is blue and their breast is like clay. One summer I found a nest in a hollow post. I went to the post every day and watched the bird. Once a blue jay came out of the nest. I looked into it and saw it empty. I think the blue jay got the eggs, but the blue bird always came back each summer. It builds its nest chiefly in hollow trees, stumps and posts.

Yours truly,

Joseph Marking.

Cross Plains, Wis., March 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

I was very much pleased when I saw that the bluebird was the bird we were to write about. The bluebird is a very pretty bird and is found in nearly all

parts of the United States. It is one of the first birds that comes north in spring and therefore it is called the spring messenger.

Last year a pair of bluebirds built their nest in a hollow old maple tree. A boy in the neighborhood did not like birds. He got his gun and shot the mother bird. I asked him why he shot the poor innocent bird. He replied: "It is not good for anything, anyhow." The father bird soon got a new mate. I hope they will come again this spring. There are some blue birds here already.

Yours truly,

John Uebersetzig.

Elkhart Lake, Wis., April 5, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

March 28th some of my friends went walking in the woods. I went with them. We saw a robin sitting on one of the topmost branches of a hickory tree. He was singing very sweetly. We stopped a little while to watch him. It was the first robin that I saw this spring. April 2nd we took another walk, and saw one partridge, one bluebird and about six blackbirds. Elkhart is a very good place to study birds and nature.

I am a member of the Audubon Society. We have a meeting of the Audubon Tuesday evening. We will have little talks about birds. I am on the program. I will talk about the robin. I love birds very much. Miss Ida Diehl is my teacher. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade.

Luetta Kraemer.

Granville, Ill., March 29, 1906.

Dear Wayside:

There are very many different kinds of

birds around here. This morning I heard seven different kinds. I will tell you about a very common bird which is the robin. The breast of the robin is a dull red or chestnut. The upper parts are olive gray, the head and tail blackish. There are different kinds of robins, but the one I am going to write about is the American robin. Yesterday I saw four robins just after a heavy rain. They would hop away and then they would stop and listen. They were listening for a worm. If one heard a worm it would listen more closely and then pull out a worm. Their eggs are blue and they lay from three to five. Their nest is made of mud, sticks, straw and other things they can get. After the little birds are hatched it keeps the old birds busy to get worms to feed them. The baby birds have no feathers on but they soon get some. It takes two or three weeks before the young robins can fly. They go south for the winter but return early in the spring. They can sing very nicely. Early in the morning they sing the best. The English sparrows are cruel to them. Last year the robins built a nest in the hayshed but the sparrows chased them away and made a nest for themselves out of the robin's nest.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Carl Anderson.

Letters have been received from Arthur Dreamen, Bertha Anderson, Herman Pletsch, Minnie Munnis, Alvina Dippel, James Inglis, Earl Broberg, Bernice De Graff, Willie Hansell, Eva Wolf, Edwin Munnis, Dora Gautsch, Gertrude Blum, Morris Wolf, James Pratt, DeWayne and Andra Fisher, Katie Marking, Lizzie Niesien, Robert Faust, John Bachmayer,

Christine Eaust, Joseph Grosse, Genevieve Blankenheim, Lucy Uebersetzig, Lizzie Geraths, Engelbert Faust, August Stumpf, John Zander, Michael Enders, Nellie Fleming, and a very good sketch of the life of Audubon by a young correspondent who forgot to sign his name.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS

Nature Study Correlated With Language Work.

(Continued from page 76)

curiosity. The germinating sprout with the help of pencils was forced to leave the ground before the little rootlets had a fair chance to penetrate the dicentra on which it was climbing for its sustenance.

An excursion to the park or the woods is always a delight. A few children at a time has proved more satisfactory in sustaining the interest of the unrestrained youth. Birds and squirrels in their haunts, flowers in their harmonious settings, trees with their branches pointing toward the blue sky, and various other things amid their natural surroundings will be noticed on these excursions.

A child, sent to Nature for information instead of the pages of an encyclopedia or other book, will not fail to accumulate some ideas, which, though they may be crudely expressed, furnish us with interesting compositions. S. S.

Miss Minnie Cliff, of Ingram, Wis., has again organized an Audubon society in her school of forty-five. The president is Mildred Huser and the secretary is Homer Anderson. The Elkhart Lake schools have just organised a society of seventy-three members in the three departments under the leadership of Miss Ida Diehle. The other officers are Milton Goldammer, Anna Loos and Robert Fischer.